

T H E
WORKS
OF
Laurence Sterne

M.A.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

II

LONDON

Printed for the Proprietors

1783.

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THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Multitudinis imperitæ non formido judicia, meis tamen, rogo,
parcant opusculis——in quibus fuit propositi semper, à jocis
ad seria, à seriis vicissim ad jocos transire.

JOAN. SARESBERIENSIS,
Episcopus Lugdun.

V O L. IV.

VOL. II.

A

OPINIONS



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 1900

VOL. IV

VOL. II

SLAWKENBERGII
FABELLA*.

VESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore insidens, manticâ à tergo, paucis indusiis, binis calceis, braccisque sericis coccineis repletâ Argentoratum ingressus est.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret, dixit, se apud Nasorum promontorium fuisse, Francofurtum proficisci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines Sarmatiæ mensis intervallo, reversurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit——Di boni, nova forma nati!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, corpus amento extrahens, è quo pependit acinaces: Loculo manum inseruit; et magnâ cum urbanitate, pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu sinistrâ, ut extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit et processit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginum perdidisse; itinerari haud poterit nudâ acinaci, neque

* As Hafen Slawkenbergius de Nafis is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader to see the specimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophick—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

SLAWKENBERGIUS'S T A L E.

IT was one cool refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of August, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-satin pair of breeches, entered the town of Strasburg.

He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the promontory of NOSES——was going on to Frankfurt—and should be back again at Strasburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

The centinel looked up into the stranger's face—never saw such a nose in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the stranger—so, slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black riband, to which a short scimitar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and with great courtesy, touching the fore-part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right—he put a florin into the centinel's hand, and passed on.

It grieves me, said the centinel, speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-legg'd drummer, that so courteous a soul should have lost his scabbard——he cannot travel without one to his scimitar, and will not be able to get a scabbard to fit it in all Strasburg.——I never had one, replied the stranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he spoke.——I carry it, continued he, thus—

que vaginam toto Argentorato, habilem inveniet.
 —Nullam unquam habui, respondit peregrinus
 respiciens—seque comiter inclinans—hoc more gesto,
 nudam acinacem elevans, mulo lentè progrediente, ut
 nasum tueri possim.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, respondit miles.

Nihili aestimo, ait ille tympanista, è pergamenâ fac-
 titius est.

Prout Christianus sum, inquit miles, nasus ille, ni
 sexties major sit, meo esset conformis.

Crepitare audiui, ait tympanista.

Mehercule! sanguinem emisit, respondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui non ambo teti-
 gimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res argumentata
 fuit inter militem et tympanistam, disceptabatur ibi-
 dem tubicine et uxore suâ, qui tunc accesserunt, et
 peregrino praterente, resisterunt.

Quantus nasus! aque longus est, ait tubicina, ac
 tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen, velut sternuta-
 mento audias.

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod fistulam dulce-
 dine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod aneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim digito tangam,
 ait uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini, gradu lento progressus est, ut
 unumquodque verbum controversa, non tantum
 inter

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

holding up his naked scimitar, his mule moving on slowly all the time, on purpose to defend my nose.

It is well worth it, gentle stranger, replied the centinel.

—'Tis not worth a single stiver, said the bandy-legg'd drummer—'tis a nose of parchment.

As I am a true Catholick—except that it is six times as big—'tis a nose, said the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

By dunder, said the centinel, I saw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer—was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were just then coming up, and had stopped to see the stranger pass by.

Benedicite!—What a nose! 'tis as long, said the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the same metal, said the trumpeter, as you hear by its sneezing.

—'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

—'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, said his wife.

I tell thee again, said the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen nose.

I'll know the bottom of it, said the trumpeter's wife, for I will touch it with my finger before I sleep.

The stranger's mule moved on at so slow a rate, that he heard every word of the dispute,

inter militem et tympanistam, verum etiam inter tabicinam et uxorem ejus, audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum frana demittens, et manibus ambabus in pectus positis, (mulo lente progrediente) nequaquam, ait ille, respiciens, non necesse est ut res isthac dilucidata foret. Minime gentium! meus nasus nunquam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget artus—ad quid agendum? ait uxor burgomagistri.

Peregrinus illi non respondit. Votum faciebat tunc temporis sancto Nicolao; quo facto, in sinum dextram inferens, è qua negligenter pependit acinaces, lento gradu processit per plateam Argentorati latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex adversum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo includi, et manticam inferri jussit: quâ apertâ et coccineis fericis femoralibus extractis cum argenteo laciniato *Περικροῦται*, his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam euntem aspicit; illico cursum flectit, metuens

not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer; but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

No! said he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breast, the one over the other in a saint-like position (his mule going on easily all the time) No! said he, looking up,—I am not such a debtor to the world ———slandered and disappointed as I have been ———as to give it that conviction—no! said he, my nose shall never be touched whilst heaven gives me strength—To do what? said a burgo-master's wife.

The stranger took no notice of the burgo-master's wife—he was making a vow to Saint Nicolas; which done, having uncrossed his arms with the same solemnity with which he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his bosom, with his scimitar hanging loosely to the wrist of it, he rode on as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, through the principal streets of Strasburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over against the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into the stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimson-satin breeches, with a silver-fringed——(appendage to them, which I dare not translate)——he put his breeches, with his fringed cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his short scimitar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's

metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diverforium regressus est——exiit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas mantica imposuit mulumque eduo iussit.

Francosfurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens——me, manticamque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondit hospes, nisi plurimum esset negotii.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, à nasorum promontorio redii, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram nationem, de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur.—Per sanctos, sanctosque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasus duodecim maximis in toto Argentorato major est!—estne, ait illa, mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prae-grandis?

Dolus inest, anime mi, ait hospes——nasus est falsus.—

Verus est, respondit uxor.—

Ex abiete factus est, ait ille, torabintbinum olet——

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.

Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.

wife at the opposite side of it—so turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went back to his inn—undressed himself, packed up his crimson-satin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, said the stranger, for Frankfort—and shall be back at Strasburg this day month.

I hope, continued the stranger, stroking down the face of his mule with his left hand, as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine—it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above six hundred leagues.

—'Tis a long journey, Sir, replied the master of the inn—unless a man has great business.—Tut! tut! said the stranger, I have been at the promontory of Noses; and have got me one of the goodliest and jolliest, thank heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn, and his wife, kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose—By Saint Radagunda, said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together, in all Strasburg! is it not, said she, whispering her husband in the ear, is it not a noble nose?

'Tis an impostor, my dear, said the master of the inn—'tis a false nose.

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, said he—I smell the turpentine.—

There's a pimple on it, said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis

Vivus est, ait illa, — Et si ipsa vivam tangam.

Votum feci sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad— Quodnam tempus? illico respondit illa.

Minimè tangetur, inquit ille (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam— Quam horam? ait illa.— Nullam, respondit peregrinus, donec pervenio ad— Quem locum, — obsecro? ait illa— Peregrinus nil respondens mulo consensu discessit.

'Tis a live nose, and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

I have made a vow to saint Nicolas this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till—Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up—Till when? said she hastily.

It never shall be touched, said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour—What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife.—Never!—never! said the stranger, never till I am got—For heaven sake into what place? said she.—The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards Frankfort, before all the city of Strasburg was in an uproar about his nose. The Compline-bells were just ringing to call the Strasburghers to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no soul in all Strasburg heard 'em—the city was like a swarm of bees—men, women, and children (the Compline-bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there—in at one door, out at another—this way and that way—long ways and cross ways—up one street, down another street—in at this alley, out at that—did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it?—who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake, who saw it?

Alack o'day! I was at vespers!—I was washing, I was starching, I was scouring, I was quilting—God help me! I never saw it—I never touch'd it!—would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of Strasburg.

Whilst

Whilst all this confusion and disorder triumphed throughout the great city of Strasburg, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to Frankfort, as if he had no concern at all in the affair—talking all the way he rode, in broken sentences, sometimes to his mule—sometimes to himself—sometimes to his Julia.

O Julia, my lovely Julia!—nay I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle—that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it—

—Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thistle—never mind it—thou shalt have a better supper at night.

—Banish'd from my country—my friends—from thee—

Poor devil, thou art sadly tired with thy journey!—come—get on a little faster—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts—a crimson-satin pair of breeches, and a fringed—Dear Julia!

—But why to Frankfort?—is it that there is a hand unseen, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracts!

—Stumbling! by saint Nicolas! every step—why at this rate we shall be all night in getting in—

—To happiness—or am I to be the sport of fortune and slander—destined to be driven forth, unconvicted—unheard—untouched—if so, why did I not stay at Strasburg, where justice—but I had sworn!—Come,—thou shalt drink—to saint Nicolas———O Julia!———What dost thou

thou prick up thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man, &c.

The stranger rode on communing in this manner with his mule and Julia—till he arrived at his inn, where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted—saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimson-satin breeches, &c. in it—called for an omelet to his supper, went to his bed about twelve o'clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

It was about the same hour, when the tumult in Strasburg being abated for that night, the Strasburghers had all got quietly into their beds—but not like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies; queen Mab, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger's nose, and, without reduction of its bulk, had that night been at the pains of flitting and dividing it into as many noses of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in Strasburg to hold them. The abbess of Quedlingberg, who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, and senior canoness, had that week come to Strasburg to consult the university, upon a case of conscience relating to their placket-holes—was ill all the night.

The courteous stranger's nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, they could not get a wink of sleep the whole night thro' for it—there was no keeping a limb still amongst them—in short they got up like so many ghosts.

The

The penitentiaries of the third order of saint Francis—the nuns of mount Calvary—the Praemonstratenses—the Clunienfes *—the Carthusians, and all the severer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth were still in a worse condition than the abbess of Quedlingberg—By tumbling and tossing, and tossing and tumbling from one side of their beds to the other the whole night long—the several sisterhoods had scratch'd and maul'd themselves all to death—they got out of their beds almost flay'd alive—every body thought saint Antony had visited them for probation with his fire—they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long, from vespers to matins.

The nuns of saint Ursula acted the wisest—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

The dean of Strasburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of butter'd buns) all wished they had followed the nuns of saint Ursula's example.—In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no butter'd buns to be had for breakfast in all Strasburg—the whole clofe of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion—Such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in Strasburg, since Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city upside down.

If
* *Hafen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo, abbé de Cluny.*

If the stranger's nose took this liberty of thrusting itself thus into the dishes * of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his nose make of it, in those of the laity!—'tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe, tho' I acknowledge, (cries Slawkenbergius, with more gaiety of thought than I could have expected from him) that there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world, which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life—tho' I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the Strasburghers fantasies was so general—such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the Strasburghers minds—so many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that it turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it—every soul good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned—doctor and student—mistress and maid—gentle and simple—nun's flesh and woman's flesh in Strasburg, spent their time in hearing tidings

* *Mr. Shandy's compliments to orators—is very sensible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor—which he is very guilty of;—that, as a translator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could, to make him stick to it—but that here 'twas impossible.*

things about it—every eye in Strasburg languished to see it—every finger—every thumb in Strasburg burned to touch it.

Now, what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add to so vehement a desire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legg'd drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter's wife, the burgo-master's widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn's wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their testimonies and descriptions of the stranger's nose—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Strasburg till that day month; and secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty—the finest made man!—the most genteel!—the most generous of his purse—the most courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of Strasburg—that as he rode, with his scimitar slung loosely to his wrist, through the streets—and walked with his crimson-satin breeches across the parade—'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had his nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited, to justify the abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness and sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: she went through the streets of Strasburg with her husband's trumpet in her hand—the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for

for the illustration of her theory—she staid no longer than three days.

The centinel and the bandy-legg'd drummer!—nothing on this side of old Athens could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chrysippus and a Crantor in their porticoes!

The master of the inn, with his ostler on his left-hand, read his also in the same style,—under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard—his wife, her's more privately in a back room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshall'd them—in a word, each Strasburgher came crowding for intelligence—and every Strasburgher had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon as the trumpeter's wife had finished the abbe's of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in publick, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade—she incommoded the other demonstrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of Strasburg for her auditory—But when a demonstrator in philosophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard besides him?

Whilst the unlearned, thro' these conduits of intelligence, were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court—were the learned in their way as busy in pumping her up thro' the conduits of dialect induction—they concerned themselves

themselves not with facts——they reasoned.—

Not one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the faculty—had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of wens and œdematous swellings, they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and souls—the stranger's nose had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous swellings.

It was demonstrated however very satisfactorily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was in utero, without destroying the statical balance of the foetus, and throwing it plump upon its head nine months before the time.—

—The opponents granted the theory—they denied the consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries, &c. said they, was not laid in, for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first stamina and rudiments of its formation before it came into the world (bating the case of wens) it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.

This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable——In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in nature, why a nose might not grow to the size of the man himself.

The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them so long as a man had

had but one stomach and one pair of lungs——For the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle,——and the lungs the only engine of sanguification——it could possibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: or admitting the possibility of a man's overloading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time——that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if the nose was as much nose as man—they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue; and forasmuch as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

Nature accommodates herself to these emergencies, cried the opponents——else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but half a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?

—He dies of a plethora, said they—or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption.

It happens otherways——replied the opponents——

It ought not, said they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the faculty itself.

They

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits—that Nature, though she sported—she sported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the literati;—they began and ended with the word nose; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the combat, the whole controversy had been settled at once.

A nose, argued the logician, cannot bleed without blood—and not only blood—but blood circulating in it to supply the phenomenon with a succession of drops—a stream being but a quicker succession of drops, that is included, said he—Now death, continued the logician, being nothing but the stagnation of the blood—

I deny the definition—Death is the separation of the soul from the body, said his antagonist—Then we don't agree about our weapons, said the logician—Then there is an end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.

The civilians were still more concise; what they offered being more in the nature of a decree than a dispute.

—Such a monstrous nose, said they, had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society—and if false—to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens, was

was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shown it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger's nose was neither true nor false.

This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastick court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger, *ex mero motu*, had confessed he had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c. &c.—To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the bishop of Strasburg undertook the advocates part, and explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, showing them, that the Promontory of Noses was a mere allegorick expression, importing no more, than that nature had given him a long nose: in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the under-written authorities, * which

* *Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formula utuntur. Quinimo et Logistæ & Canonistæ—Vid. Parce Bar. e Jas. in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de conjec. vid. Vol. Lib. 4. Titul. 1. N. 7. quæ etiam in re conspir. On. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmack. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend. empt. &c. nec non J. Scrudr. in cap. § resut. ff. per totum. cum his cons. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. et Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem, cum Comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentoratens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. fid. coll. per Van*

had decided the point incontestibly, had it not appeared, that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened—I must not say unluckily for Truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing; that the two universities of Strasburg—the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius, counsellor of the senate,—and the Popish, founded by Leopold, archduke of Austria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the abbess of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required)—in determining the point of Martin Luther's damnation.

The popish doctors had undertaken to demonstrate, à priori, that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October 1483—when the Moon was in the twelfth house—Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third—the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury all got together in the fourth—that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damn'd man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio

Van Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 1583. precip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff. in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. 5 de Jure. Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Anal. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

pio* (in reading this, my father would always shake his head) in the ninth house which the Arabians allotted to religion——it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one stiver about the matter—and that from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of Mars—they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming—with the blast of which, his soul (being steep'd in guilt) sailed before the wind, in the lake of hell-fire.

The little objection of the Lutheran doctors to this, was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man, born Oct. 22. 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner—inasmuch as it appeared from the register of Islaben in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of Martinmas day, from whence he had the name of Martin.

[—I must break off my translation for a moment; for, if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the abbess of Quedlingberg—It is to tell the reader, that

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* *Hæc mira, satisque horrenda: Planetarum co-
itio sub Scorpio Asterismo, in nonâ cœli statione,
quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit Martinum
Lutherum sacrilegum hæreticum, christiana religio-
nis hostem acerrimum atque propbanum, ex ho-
roscopi directione ad Martis coitum, religiosissimus
obiit, ejus Anima scelestissima ad infernos navigavit
—ab Aleæto, Tisiphone et Megara flagellis igneis
cruciata perenniter.*

—*Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu astrologico de præ-
teritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras
examinatis.*

my father never read this passage of Slawkenbergius to my uncle Toby, but with triumph—not over my uncle Toby, for he never opposed him in it—but over the whole world.

—Now you see, brother Toby, he would say, looking up, “that Christian names are not such “indifferent things;”—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damn’d to all eternity—Not that I look upon Martin, he would add, as a good name—far from it—’tis something better than a neutral, and but a little—yet, little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis, as well as the best logician could show him—yet, so strange is the weakness of man, at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories of Hafen Slawkenbergius’s Decades full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together—his NAMES and his NOSES—I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or a passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther’s navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it—

it—they were going to settle, in case he had failed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and, no doubt, as it was an inquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of NAVIGATION, they had gone on with it, in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about—it was their business to follow.

The abbess of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries was no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's nose running full as much in their fancies, as their case of conscience—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold—in a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types—all controversies dropp'd.

'Twas a square cap, with a silk tassel upon the crown of it—to a nut-shell—to have guessed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

'Tis above reason, cried the doctors on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried the one.

'Tis a fiddle-stick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried the one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nofarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinofarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nofarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinofarians.

He cannot make two and two five, replied the Popish doctors.——'Tis false, said their other opponents.

Infinite power is infinite power, said the doctors who maintained the reality of the nose.—— It extends only to all possible things, replied the Lutherans.

By God in heaven, cried the Popish doctors, he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of Strasburg.

Now, the steeple of Strasburg being the biggest and the tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole world, the Antinofarians denied that a nose of 575 geometrical feet in length could be worn, at least by a middle-sized man——The Popish doctors swore it could——The Lutheran doctors said no,——it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they pursued a great way, upon the extent and limitation of the moral and natural attributes of God.——That controversy led them naturally into Thomas Aquinas, and Thomas Aquinas to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the dispute—it just served as a frigate to launch them into the gulf of school-divinity,—and then they all failed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes, &c. instead of cooling, on the contrary, had inflamed the Strasburghers imaginations to a most inordinate degree.——The less they understood of the matter, the greater was their wonder about it—they were left in all the distresses of desire unsatisfied,—

fatisfied,—saw their doctors the Parchmentarians, the Brassarians, the Turpentarians, on the one side—the Popish doctors on the other, like Pantagruel and his companions in quest of the oracle of the bottle, all embarked and out of sight.

—The poor Strasburghers left upon the beach!

—What was to be done?—No delay—the uproar increased—every one in disorder—the city gates set open.—

Unfortunate Strasburghers! was there in the store-house of nature—was there in the lumber-rooms of learning—was there in the great arsenal of chance, one single engine left undrawn forth to torture your curiosities, and stretch your desires, which was not pointed by the hand of fate, to play upon your hearts!—I dip not my pen into my ink, to excuse the surrender of yourselves—'tis to write your panegyrick. Show me a city so macerated with expectation—who neither eat, or drank, or slept, or prayed, or hearkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for seven and twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth, the courteous stranger had promised to return to Strasburg.

Seven thousand coaches (Slawkenbergius must certainly have made some mistake in his numerical characters) 7000 coaches—15000 single horse chairs—20000 waggon, crowded as full as they could all hold, with senators, counsellors, syndycks—beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches—the abbess of Quedlingberg, with the prioress, the deaness and sub-chantress, leading the procession in one coach, and the dean of Strasburg,

with the four great dignitaries of his chapter on her left-hand, the rest following higglety-pigglety as they could; some on horseback—some on foot—some led—some driven—some down the Rhine—some this way—some that—all set out at sun-rise, to meet the courteous stranger on the road.

Haste we now towards the catastrophe of my tale—I say Catastrophe (cries Slawkenbergius) inasmuch as a tale, with parts, rightly disposed, not only rejoiceth (gaudet) in the Catastrophe and Peripeitia of a DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in all the essential and integrant parts of it—it has its Protasis, Epitasis, Catastasis, its Catastrophe or Peripeitia growing one out of the other in it, in the order Aristotle first planted them—without which a tale had better never be told at all, says Slawkenbergius, but be kept to a man's self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the stranger and his nose.

—From his first parley with the centinel, to his leaving the city of Strasburg, after pulling off his crimson-satin pair of breeches, is the Protasis, or first entrance—where the characters of the Personæ Dramatis are just touched in, and the subject slightly begun.

The Epitasis, wherein the action is more fully entered upon and heightened, till it arrives at its state or height called the Catastasis, and which usually takes up the 2d and 3d acts, is included within that busy period of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lecture

tures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctors finally sailing away, and leaving the Strasburghers upon the beach in distress, is the Catastasis, or the ripening of the incidents and passions, for their bursting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the setting out of the Strasburghers in the Frankfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth, and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as Aristotle calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This, says Hafen Slawkenbergius, constitutes the catastrophe or peripeitia of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

—We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep—he enters now upon the stage.

—What dost thou prick up thy ears at?—’tis nothing but a man upon a horse—was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master’s word for it; and without any more ifs or ands, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence, to get to Strasburg that night—What a fool am I, said the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, to think of getting into Strasburg this night—Strasburg!—the great Strasburg!—Strasburg, the capital of all Alfatia! Strasburg, an imperial city! Strasburg, a sovereign state! Strasburg, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world!—Alas! if I was at the gates of Strasburg this mo-

ment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat—nay, a ducat and a half—'tis too much—better go back to the last inn I have passed—than ly, I know not where—or give, I know not what. The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

—We have bacon in the house, said the host, and bread—and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it—but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dressed into an omelet, and we have nothing.—

Alas! said the traveller, harassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed—I have one as soft as is in Alfatia, said the host.

—The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose——He has got a defluction, said the traveller——Not that I know, cried the host——But 'tis a camp-bed, and Jacinta, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in——Why so? cried the traveller, starting back—It is so long a nose, cried the host——The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee—had just got his hand laid upon his breast—Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again—'Tis no trifle, said Jacinta, 'tis the most glorious nose!—The traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breast—Then, said he, looking up to heaven, thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'tis Diego!

The

The traveller was the brother of the Julia, so often invoked that night by the stranger, as he rode from Strasburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from Valladolid across the Pyrenean mountains, thro' France, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him, thro' the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracts.

—Julia had sunk under it—and had not been able to go a step farther than to Lyons, where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to Diego; and, having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez, (for that was her brother's name)—tho' the camp-bed was as soft as any one in Alsace, yet he could not shut his eyes in it.—As soon as it was day, he rose, and hearing Diego was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his sister's commission.

The letter was as follows:

“Seig. DIEGO,

“Whether my suspicions of your nose were justly excited or not—'tis not now to inquire.

“—it is enough I have not had firmness to put them to farther trial.

“How could I know so little of myself, when

“I sent my duenna to forbid your coming more

“under my lattice? or how could I know so little

“of you, Diego, as to imagine you would not

“have staid one day in Valladolid to have given

“ease to my doubts?—Was I to be abandoned,

“Diego, because I was deceived? or was it

B 5

“kind

“ kind to take me at my word, whether my
 “ suspicions were just or no, and leave me, as
 “ you did, a prey to much uncertainty and sor-
 “ row?”

“ In what manner Julia has repented this—my
 “ brother, when he puts this letter into your
 “ hands, will tell you: He will tell you in how
 “ few moments she repented of the rash message
 “ she had sent you—in what frantick haste she
 “ flew to her lattice, and how many days and
 “ nights together, she leaned immoveably upon
 “ her elbow, looking thro’ it towards the way
 “ which Diego was wont to come.

“ He will tell you, when she heard of your
 “ departure—how her spirits deserted her—
 “ how her heart sicken’d—how piteously she
 “ mourn’d—how long she hung her head. O
 “ Diego! how many weary steps has my brother’s
 “ pity led me by the hand, languishing, to trace
 “ out your’s! how far has desire carried me be-
 “ yond strength—and how oft have I fainted
 “ by the way, and sunk into his arms, with only
 “ power to cry out—O my Diego!

“ If the gentleness of your carriage has not
 “ belied your heart, you will fly to me, almost
 “ as fast as you fled from me—haste as you will,
 “ you will arrive but to see me expire.—’Tis a
 “ bitter draught, Diego, but oh! ’tis imbitter’d
 “ still more by dying un—.”

She could proceed no farther.

Slawkenbergius supposes the word intended was
 unconvinced, but her strength would not enable
 her to finish her letter.

The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed,
 as he read the letter—he ordered his mule forth-
 with, and Fernandez’s horse to be saddled; and

as no vent in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts——Chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to diseases, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window——Diego availed himself of it, and, whilst the ostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows.

O D E.

Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,

Unless my Julia strikes the key,

Her hand alone can touch the part,

Whose dulcet movement charms the heart,

And governs all the man with sympathetick sway.

2d.

O Julia!

The lines were very natural——for they were nothing at all to the purpose, says Slawkenbergius, and 'tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was, that Seignior Diego was slow in composing verses——or the ostler quick in saddling mules——is not averred; certain it was, that Diego's mule and Fernandez's horse were ready at the door of the inn, before Diego was ready for his second stanza; so without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the Rhine, traversed Alsace, shaped their course towards Lyons, and before the Strasburghers and the abbess of Quedlingberg had set out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and his Julia, crossed the Pyrenean mountains, and got safe to Valladolid.

'Tis

'Tis needless to inform the geographical reader, that when Diego was in Spain, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the Frankfort road; it is enough to say, that of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest—the Strasburghers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the Frankfort road, with the tempestuous fury of this passion, before they could submit to return home—when, alas! an event was prepared for them, of all others the most grievous that could befall a free people.

As this revolution of the Strasburghers affairs is often spoke of, and little understood, I will, in ten words, says Slawkenbergius, give the world an explanation of it, and with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand system of Universal Monarchy, wrote by order of Mons. Colbert, and put in manuscript into the hands of Lewis the fourteenth, in the year 1664.

'Tis as well known, that one branch out of many of that system, was the getting possession of Strasburg, to favour an entrance at all times into Suabia, in order to disturb the quiet of Germany—and that, in consequence of this plan, Strasburg unhappily fell at length into their hands.

It is the lot of few to trace out the true springs of this and such like revolutions.—The vulgar look too high for them.—Statesmen look too low—Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

What a fatal thing is the popular pride of a free city! cries one historian.—The Strasburghers deemed it a diminution of their freedom to receive an imperial garrison—and so fell a prey to a French one.

The

The fate, says another, of the Strasburghers, may be a warning to all free people to save their money.—They anticipated their revenues—brought themselves under taxes, exhausted their strength, and, in the end, became so weak a people, they had not strength to keep their gates shut, and so the French pushed them open.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, 'twas not the French—'twas CURIOSITY pushed them open—The French, indeed, who are ever upon the catch, when they saw the Strasburghers, men, women, and children, all marched out to follow the stranger's nose—each man followed his own, and marched in.

Trade and manufactures have decayed and gradually grown down ever since—but not from any cause which commercial heads have assigned; for it is owing to this only, that Noses have ever so run in their heads, that the Strasburghers could not follow their business.

Alas! alas! cries Slawkenbergius, making an exclamation—it is not the first—and I fear will not be the last fortress that has been either won—or lost by Noses.

The END of

Slawkenbergius's TALE.

CHAP.

C H A P. I.

WITH all this learning upon Noses running perpetually in my father's fancy—with so many family prejudices—and ten decades of such tales running on for ever along with them—how was it possible, with such exquisite—Was it a true nose?—that a man with such exquisite feelings as my father had, could bear the shock at all below stairs, or indeed above stairs, in any other posture but the very posture I have described?

—Throw yourself down upon the bed, a dozen times—taking care only to place a looking-glass first in a chair on one side of it, before you do it—But was the stranger's nose a true nose—or was it a false one?

To tell that before-hand, Madam, would be to do injury to one of the best tales in the Christian world; and that is the tenth of the tenth decade, which immediately follows this.

This tale, cried Slawkenbergius, somewhat exultingly, has been reserved by me for the concluding tale of my work; knowing right well, that when I shall have told it, and my reader shall have read it thro'—'twould be even high time for both of us to shut up the book; inasmuch, continues Slawkenbergius, as I know of no tale which could possibly ever go down after it.

—'Tis a tale indeed!

This sets out with the first interview in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez left the courteous

ous stranger and his sister Julia alone in her chamber, and is over-written,

The INTRICACIES

of

Diego and Julia.

Heavens! thou art a strange creature, Slawkenbergius! what a whimsical view of the involutions of the heart of woman hast thou opened! how this can ever be translated! and yet if this specimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquisiteness of his moral should please the world—translated shall a couple of volumes be:—Else, how this can ever be translated into good English, I have no sort of conception.—There seems, in some passages, to want a sixth sense to do it rightly.—What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of slow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone,—which you know, Madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings, about the region of the heart.—The brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em.—I felt as if I understood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it,—unless, may it please your worships, the voice, in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach, not only within six inches of each other—but to look into the pupils—is not that dangerous?—but it can't be avoided—for to look up to the ceiling, in that case, the two chins unavoidably meet—and to look down into each others laps, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end

to

to the conference—I mean to the sentimental part of it.—What is left, Madam, is not worth flooping for.

CHAP. II.

MY father lay stretched across the bed, as still as if the hand of death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-side; my uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments, his left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feeling—he thrust it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom—gave a hem!—My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleasure, answered it, and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing moreover, that he might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now, whether the compression shortened my uncle Toby's face into a more pleasurable oval, —or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the sea of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles, —so that the compression upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was struck with such a gleam of sunshine

shine in his face, as melted down the fullness of his grief in a moment.

He broke silence as follows.

CHAP. III.

DID ever man, brother Toby, cried my father, raising himself upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed where my uncle Toby was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch—did ever a poor unfortunate man, brother Toby, cried my father, receive so many lashes?—The most I ever saw given, quoth my uncle Toby, (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) was to a grenadier, I think in M'Kay's regiment.

—Had my uncle Toby shot a bullet thro' my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his nose upon the quilt more suddenly.

Bless me! said my uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

WAS it M'Kay's regiment, quoth my uncle Toby, where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at Bruges about the ducats?

—O Christ! he was innocent! cried Trim, with a deep sigh.—And he was whipp'd, may it please your Honour, almost to death's door.—

They had better have shot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your Honour.—I thank thee, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby. I never think of

of his, continued Trim, and my poor brother Tom's misfortunes, for we were all three school-fellows, but I cry like a coward.—Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim,—I drop them oft-times myself, cried my uncle Toby—I know your Honour does, replied Trim, and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your Honour, continued Trim, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke—to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world—and fall into such evils! poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew's widow who sold sausages—honest Dick Johnson's soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O! these are misfortunes, cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief—these are misfortunes, may it please your Honour, worth lying down and crying over.

—My father could not help blushing.

—'Twould be a pity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou shouldst ever feel sorrow of thy own, —thou feelest it so tenderly for others.—Alack-o-day, replied the Corporal, brightening up his face—your Honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no sorrows in this world.—My father could not help smiling.—As few as any man, Trim, replied my uncle Toby; nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art past all services, Trim,—and hast out-lived thy friends.—An' please your Honour,

Honour, never fear, replied Trim chearily.—But I would have thee never fear, Trim, replied my uncle; and therefore, continued my uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word therefore—in recompense, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of—whilst thy master is worth a shilling—thou shalt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a penny. Trim attempted to thank my uncle Toby—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off.—He laid his hands upon his breast—made a bow to the ground, and shut the door.

—I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my uncle Toby.—My father smiled.—I have left him moreover a pension, continued my uncle Toby.—My father looked grave.

C H A P. V.

IS this a fit time, said my father to himself, to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?

C H A P. VI.

WHEN my uncle Toby first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I said, fell down with his nose flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my uncle Toby had shot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapsed with his nose into the same precise attitude in which he lay first described; so that when Corporal Trim left the room, and

and my father found himself disposed to rise off the bed,—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it. Attitudes are nothing, Madam,—’tis the transition from one attitude to another—like the preparation and resolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason, my father played the same jig over again with his toe upon the floor—pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raised himself up upon his elbow—and was just beginning to address himself to my uncle Toby—when recollecting the unsuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude,—he got up upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short before my uncle Toby; and laying the three first fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my uncle Toby as follows.

CHAP. VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon MAN, and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes of trouble—when I consider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—I was born to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my father—but my commission. Zooks! said my father, did not my uncle leave you an hundred and twenty pounds a year?—What could I have done without it? replied my uncle Toby.—That’s another concern,

cern, said my father testily——But I say, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the cross reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.——'Tis by the assistance of Almighty God, cried my uncle Toby, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close together——'tis not from our own strength, brother Shandy—a centinel in a wooden centry-box, might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men—we are upheld by the grace and the assistance of the best of Beings.

——That is cutting the knot, said my father, instead of untying it.——But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into this mystery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

My father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is so finely painted by Raphael in his school of Athens; which your connoisseurship knows is so exquisitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reasoning of Socrates is expressed by it—for he holds the fore-finger of his left hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and seems as if he was saying to the libertine he is reclaiming,—“You grant me this—and this;—and “this, and this, I don't ask of you—they follow “of themselves in course.”

So stood my father, holding fast his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reasoning with my uncle Toby as he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured

loured worsted bobs.—O Garrick! what a rich scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write such another, to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it.

C H A P. VIII.

THOUGH man is, of all others, the most curious vehicle, said my father, yet, at the same time, 'tis of so slight a frame, and so tottering put together, that the sudden jerks, and hard jostlings, it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overset and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day—was it not, brother Toby, that there is a secret spring within us—Which spring, said my uncle Toby, I take to be religion.—Will that set my child's nose on? cried my father, letting go his finger, and striking one hand against the other.—It makes every thing straight for us, answered my uncle Toby.—Figuratively speaking, dear Toby, it may, for aught I know, said my father; but the spring I am speaking of, is that great and elastick power within us, of counterbalancing evil, which, like a secret spring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the shock—at least it imposes upon our sense of it.

Now, my dear brother, said my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming closer to the point—had my child arrived safe into the world, unmartyr'd in that precious part of him—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Christian names, and of that magick bias, which good or bad names irresistibly

resistibly impress upon our characters and conduct, —heaven is witness! that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour, than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have spread around it.

But, alas! continued my father, as the greatest evil has befall'n him—I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.

He shall be christened Trismegistus, brother:

I wish it may answer—replied my uncle Toby, rising up.

C H A P. IX.

WHAT a chapter of chances, said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my uncle Toby were going down stairs—what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us! Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly—I know no more of calculations than this balluster, said my uncle Toby, (striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow soufe upon his shin-bone).—'Twas an hundred to one—cried my uncle Toby—I thought, quoth my father, (rubbing his shin) you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby.—'Twas a mere chance, said my uncle Toby.—Then it adds one to the chapter—replied my father.

The double success of my father's repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once—it was well it so fell out—(chance! again)—or the world

world to this day had never known the subject of my father's calculation—to guess it—there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express, and, in truth, I have enow already upon my hands without it.—Have not I promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?—a chapter of noses?—No, I have done that—a chapter upon my uncle Toby's modesty? to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep—By my great grandfather's whiskers, I shall never get half of 'em through this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother Toby, said my father, and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps should have the ill luck just to fall upon and break down that one part, which should break down the fortunes of our house with it.

It might have been worse, replied my uncle Toby.—I don't comprehend, said my father.—Suppose the hip had presented, replied my uncle Toby, as Dr. Slop foreboded.

My father reflected half a minute—looked down—touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger—

—True, said he.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

IS it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the first landing, and there are fifteen more steps down to the bottom; and, for aught I know, as my father and my uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps:—let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my destiny:—a sudden impulse comes across me—Drop the curtain, Shandy—I drop it—Strike a line here across the paper, Tristram—I strike it—and hey for a new chapter!

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myself by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twist it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done—Am I warm? I am, and the cause demands it—a pretty story! is a man to follow rules—or rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I lay down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse—that chapters relieve the mind—that they assist—or impose upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramattick cast they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him.—O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the

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fire of Diana's temple—you must read Longinus—read away—If you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over—never fear—read him again.—Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle's metaphysics forty times through a piece, and never understood a single word—But mark the consequence—Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books de omni scribili; and for Licetus (Fortunio) though all the world knows he was born a foetus*, of no more than five inches and a half in

* Ce Foetus n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais son Pere l'ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c'étoit quelque chose de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant à Rapallo, où il le fit voir à Jérôme Bardi & à d'autres Médecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'essentiel à la vie; & son pere pour faire voir un essai de son expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l'Enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on se sert pour faire éclore les Poulets en Egypte. Il instruisit une Nourisse de tout ce qu'elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre son fils dans un four proprement accommodé, il réussit à l'élever et à lui faire prendre ses accroissemens nécessaires, par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrangère mesurée exactement sur les degrés d'un Thermomètre, ou d'un autre instrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 448.)

On auroit toujours été très-satisfait de l'industrie d'un Pere si expérimenté dans l'Art de la Generation, quand il n'auroit pu prolonger la vie à son fils que pour quelques mois, pour peu d'années.

Mais

in length, yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself—the learned know I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia* upon the origin of the human soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the best chapter in my whole work; and, take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in picking straws.

C H A P. XI.

WE shall bring all things to rights, said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the landing.—This Trismegistus, continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my uncle Toby—was the greatest (Toby), of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king—the greatest lawgiver—the greatest philosopher—and the greatest priest—and engineer—said my uncle Toby.—In course, said my father.

C 2

C H A P.

Mais quand on se represente que l'Enfant a veçu près de quatre-vingts ans, & qu'il a composé quatre-vingts Ouvrages differents tous fruits d'une longue lecture—il faut convenir que tout ce qui est incroyable n'est pas toujours faux, & que la Vraisemblance n'est pas toujours du côté de la Verité.

Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans lors qu'il composa Gonopsychanthropologia de Origine Anima humana.

(Les Enfans celebres, revus & corrigés par M. De la Monnoye de l'Academie Françoisse.)

C H A P. XII.

—**A**ND how does your mistress? cried my father, taking the same step over again from the landing, and calling to Susannah, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pincushion in her hand—how does your mistress? As well, said Susannah, tripping by, but without looking up, as can be expected—What a fool am I! said my father, drawing his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother Toby, 'tis ever the precise answer—And how is the child, pray?—No answer. And where is Dr. Slop? added my father, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the ballusters—Susannah was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, said my father, crossing the landing, in order to set his back against the wall, whilst he propounded it to my uncle Toby—of all the puzzling riddles, said he, in a married state,—of which you may trust me, brother Toby, there are more asses loads than all Job's stock of asses could have carried—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this—that, from the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themselves more airs upon that single inch, than all their other inches put together.

I think, rather, replied my uncle Toby, that 'tis we who sink an inch lower.—If I meet but a woman with child—I do it—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, brother Shandy,

Shandy, said my uncle Toby—'tis a piteous burden upon 'em, continued he, shaking his head.—Yes, yes, 'tis a painful thing—said my father, shaking his head too—but certainly, since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together, in concert, from two such different springs.

God! bless 'em all—said my uncle Toby and Duce take } my father, each to himself.

C H A P. XIII.

HOLLA!—you chairman!—here's six-pence—do step into that bookseller's shop and call me a day-tall critick. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for except a short nap, which they both got whilst Trim was boring the jack-boots—and which, by the by, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge—they have not else shut their eyes since nine hours before the time that Dr. Slop was led into the back parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this,—and to take up—Truce—

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but to myself—and I believe will never hold good to any other,

until its final destruction—and therefore for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelvemonth; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume—and no farther than to my first day's life—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and sixty-four days more life to write just now, than when I first set out; so that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back—Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—And why not?—and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description—And for what reason should they be cut short? as at this rate I should just live 364 times faster than I should write—it must follow, an' please your worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write—and consequently, the more your worships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worships eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my OPINIONS will be the death of me, I perceive I shall lead a fine life of it out of this self-same life of mine; or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it noway alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises—I shall never overtake myself—whipp'd and driven to the last pinch, at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for

two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven prosper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now open'd to us—as I trust its providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand—

As for the propagation of Geese—I give myself no concern—Nature is all-bountiful—I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and seen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the stair's foot—I thought you had no other way for it—Here's a crown for your trouble.

C H A P. XIV.

—**T**HEN reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah—There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried Susannah—the child is as black in the face, as my ——— As your what? said my father; for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons—Bless me, Sir, said Susannah, the child's in a fit—And where's Mr. Yorick?—Never where he should be, said Susannah; but his curate's in the dressing room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him.

Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother

ther Toby as not—and 'twould be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him—But he may recover.

No, no—said my father to Susannah, I'll get up—There's no time, cried Susannah, the child's as black as my shoe. Trismegistus, said my father—But stay—thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah, added my father; can'st thou carry Trismegistus in thy head, the length of the gallery without scattering?—Can I? cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff—If she can, I'll be shot, said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Susannah got the start, and kept it—'Tis Tris—something, cried Susannah—There is no christian name in the world, said the curate, beginning with Tris—but Tristram. Then 'tis Tristram-gistus, quoth Susannah.

There is no gistus to it, noodle!—'tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand as he spoke into the basin—Tristram! said he, &c. &c. &c. &c.—So Tristram was I called, and Tristram shall I be to the day of my death.

—My father followed Susannah with his night-gown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, fastened, through haste, with but a single button, and that button, through haste, thrust only half into the button-hole.

—She has not forgot the name? cried my father, half opening the door—No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence—And the

the child is better, cried Sufannah—And how does your mistress? As well, said Sufannah, as can be expected.—Pish! said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole—so that, whether the interjection was levelled at Sufannah, or the button-hole,—whether pish was an interjection of contempt, or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt, till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of chamber-maids—my chapter of pishes—and my chapter of button-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried Pish! he whisk'd himself about—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

CHAP. XV.

I WISH I could write a chapter upon sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one, for the other has been shut these twenty years, of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame than a single chapter upon this.

C 5

Button-

Button-holes !—there is something lively in the very idea of 'em—and trust me, when I get among 'em—You gentry with great beards—look as grave as you will—I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I shall have 'em all to myself—'tis a maiden subject—I shall run foul of no man's wisdom or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep—I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no dab at your fine sayings in the first place—and in the next place, I cannot for my soul set a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchisement of the prisoner—the downy lap of the hopeless, the weary and the broken hearted ; nor could I set out with a lie in my mouth, by affirming, that, of all the soft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompense the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleasure has wearied us—that this is the chiefest (I know pleasures worth ten of it) or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his soul shall be so seated within him, that, whichever way she turns her eyes, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her—no desire—or fear—or doubt that troubles the air, nor any difficulty past, present, or to come, that the imagination may not pass over without offence, in that sweet secession.

—“ God's blessing, said Sancho Pancha, be
 “ upon the man who first invented this self-
 “ same thing called sleep—it covers a man all o-
 “ ver like a cloak.” Now, there is more to me
 in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and
 affections,

affections, than all the dissertations squeez'd out of the heads of the learned together upon the subject.

—Not that I altogether disapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—'tis admirable in its way—(I quote by memory.)

The world enjoys other pleasures, says he, as they do that of sleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and passes by—We shou'd study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us—for this end, I cause myself to be disturbed in my sleep, that I may the better and more sensibly relish it—And yet I see few, says he again, who live with less sleep when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and sudden agitation—I evade, of late, all violent exercises—I am never weary with walking—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to ly hard, and alone, and even without my wife—This last word may stagger the faith of the world—but remember, “*La Vraisemblance* (as Bayle says in “the affair of Liceti) *n'est pas toujours du Côté de la Verité.*” And so much for sleep.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVI.

IF my wife will but venture him——brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dress'd and brought down to us, whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together.—

—Go tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.

She is run up stairs, answered Obadiah, this very instant, sobbing and crying, and wringing her hands, as if her heart would break.—

We shall have a rare month of it, said my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wistfully in my uncle Toby's face for some time—we shall have a devilish month of it, brother Toby, said my father, setting his arms akimbo, and shaking his head; fire, water, women, wind—brother Toby!—'Tis some misfortune, quoth my uncle Toby——That it is, cried my father—to have so many jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's house—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I possess ourselves, and sit here silent and unmoved—whilst such a storm is whistling over our heads.—

—And what's the matter, Susannah?—They have called the child Tristram—and my mistress is just got out of an hysterick fit about it—No!—'Tis not my fault, said Susannah—I told him it was Tristram-gistus.

—Make tea for yourself, brother Toby, said my father, taking down his hat—but how different from the fallies and agitations of voice
and

and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he spake in the sweetest modulation—and took down his hat with the genteelest movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

—Go to the bowling-green for Corporal Trim, said my uncle Toby, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room.

C H A P. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my NOSE fell so heavily upon my father's head,—the reader remembers, that he walked instantly up stairs, and cast himself down upon his bed; and from hence, unless he has a great insight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and descending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME;—no.

The different weight, dear Sir,—nay, even the different package of two vexations of the same weight—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when, (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished, and carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the foul one.

Instantly I snatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the matter;
nor

nor do I think any thing else in Nature, would have given such immediate ease: She, dear Goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all provoking cases, determines us to a fall of this or that member—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body, we know not why—But mark, madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries—the most obvious things which come in our way, have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of nature's works; so that this, like a thousand other things, falls out for us in a way, which, tho' we cannot reason upon it—yet we find the good of it, may it please your reverences and your worships—and that's enough for us.

Now, my father could not ly down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it upstairs like the other—He walked composedly out with it to the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned an hour which way to have gone—reason, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is something, Sir, in fish-ponds—but what it is, I leave to system-builders and fish-pond diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is something, under the first disorderly transport of the humours, so unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a sober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted lawgivers, ever gave order about them.

C H A P.

C H A P. XVIII.

YOUR honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident—O yes, Trim! said my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern—I am heartily concerned too; but I hope your honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in the least owing to me——To thee—Trim! cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face—'twas Susannah's and the curate's folly betwixt them——What business could they have together; an' please your honour, in the garden?—In the gallery, thou meanest, replied my uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow—Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time,—the mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter—Trim's casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle Toby; so he went on with what he had to say to Trim as follows.

—For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called Tristram or Trismegistus—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, Trim—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.—A hundred pounds! an' please your honour, replied Trim—I would not give a cherry-stone to boot—Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby—

Toby—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case——maintains, that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon christian names, than what ignorant people imagine ;——for, he says, there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called Tristram———nay he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wise, or brave———'Tis all fancy, an' please your honour—I fought just as well, replied the corporal, when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler—And for my own part, said my uncle Toby, though I should blush to boast of myself, Trim,—yet, had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty——Bless your honour ! cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian name when he goes upon the attack ?——Or when he stands in the trench, Trim ? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm—Or when he enters a breach, said Trim, pushing in between two chairs——Or forces the lines ? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike——Or facing a platoon ? cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock——Or when he marches up the glacis ? cried my uncle Toby, looking warm, and setting his foot upon his stool.——

CHAP.

C H A P. XIX.

MY father was returned from his walk to the fish-pond—and opened the parlour door in the very height of the attack, just as my uncle Toby was marching up the glacis—Trim recovered his arms———never was my uncle Toby caught riding at such a desperate rate in his life! Alas! my uncle Toby!—had not a weightier matter called forth all the ready eloquence of my father—how hadst thou then and thy poor HOBBY-HORSE too have been insulted.

My father hung up his hat with the same air he took it down; and, after giving a slight look at the disorder of the room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had formed the corporal's breach, and placing it over against my uncle Toby, he sat down in it, and as soon as the tea-things were taken away, and the door shut, he broke out in a lamentation as follows:

My FATHER'S LAMENTATION.

IT is in vain longer, said my father, addressing himself as much to Ernulphus's curse, which was laid upon the corner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle Toby, who sat under it—it is in vain longer, said my father, in the most querulous monotony imaginable, to struggle, as I have done, against this most uncomfortable of human persuasions—I see it plainly, that, either for my own sins, brother Toby, or the sins and follies of the Shandy family, heaven has thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery against

gainst me; and that the prosperity of my child is the point upon which the whole force of it is directed to play—Such a thing would batter the whole universe about our ears, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby—if it was so—Unhappy Tristram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! interruption! mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune or disaster in the book of embryotic evils, that could unmechanize thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has not fallen upon thy head, or ever thou camest into the world—What evils in thy passage into it!—what evils since!—produced into being in the decline of thy father's days—when the powers of his imagination and of his body were waxing feeble—when radical heat and radical moisture, the elements which should have temper'd thine, were drying up; and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but negations—'tis pitiful—brother Toby, at the best, and called out for all the little helps that care and attention on both sides could give it. But how were we defeated! You know the event, brother Toby,—'tis too melancholy a one to be repeated now,—when the few animal spirits I was worth in the world, and with which, memory, fancy, and quick parts should have been convey'd—were all dispersed, confused, confounded, scattered, and sent to the devil.—

Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him;—and tried an experiment at least—whether calmness and serenity of mind in your sister, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuations and repletions—and the rest of her non-naturals, might not, in a course of nine months gestation, have

set

set all things to rights—My child was bereft of these!—What a teasing life did she lead herself, and consequently her foetus too, with that nonsensical anxiety of hers about lying-in in town?—I thought my sister submitted with the greatest patience, replied my uncle Toby—I never heard her utter one fretful word about it—She fumed inwardly, cried my father; and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child—and then! what battles did she fight with me, and what perpetual storms about the midwife—There she gave vent, said my uncle Toby—Vent! cried my father, looking up—

But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child's coming head foremost into the world, when all I wished in this general wreck of his frame, was to have saved this little casket unbroke, unrifled?—

With all my precautions, how was my system turned topsy-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of 470 pounds avoirdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon its apex—that, at this hour, 'tis ninety per cent. insurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thousand tatters,

—Still we could have done.—Fool, coxcomb, puppy—give him but a NOSE—Cripple, Dwarf, Driveller, Gobsceap—(shape him as you will) the door of Fortune stands open—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been blest with a foetus five inches long and a half, like thee—Fate might have done her worst.

Still, brother Toby, there was one cast of the die

die left for our child after all——O Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!

We will send for Mr. Yorick, said my uncle Toby.

—You may send for whom you will, replied my father.

C H A P. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curvetting and frisking it away, two up and two down, for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—I'll tread upon no one,—quoth I to myself when I mounted—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road——So off I set—up one lane——down another, through this turnpike—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief, if not yourself——He's flung——he's off——he's lost his seat——he's down—he'll break his neck—see—if he has not galloped full amongst the scaffolding of the undertaking criticks—he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts—he's bounced out!——look—he's now riding like a madcap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physicians, lawyers, logicians, players, schoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, said I—I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king's

king's high-way—But your horse throws dirt; see you've splash'd a bishop—I hope in God 'twas only Ernulphus, said I—But you have squirted full in the faces of Mess. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Mareilly, doctors of the Sorbonne—That was last year, replied I—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have bad times on't, said I, to be trod upon by such people as me.

—You have done it, replied my accuser.

I deny it, quoth I, and so have got off, and here am I standing with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my story—And what is it? You shall hear in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXI.

AS * Francis the First of France was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the state—it would not be amiss, said the King, stirring up the embers with his cane, if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and Switzerland was a little strengthened—There is no end, Sire, replied the minister, in giving money to these people—they would swallow up the treasury of France—Poo! poo! answered the king—there are more ways, Monf. le Premier, of bribing states—besides that of giving money—I'll pay Switzerland the honour of standing godfather for my next child—Your majesty, said the minister, in so doing, would have all the grammarians

* *Vide Menagiana, vol. I.*

rians in Europe upon your back;—Switzerland, as a republick, being a female, can in no construction be godfather—She may be godmother, replied Francis, hastily—so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

I am astonished, said Francis the first, (that day fortnight) speaking to his minister as he entered the closet, that we have had no answer from Switzerland—Sire, I wait upon you this moment, said Mons. le Premier, to lay before you my dispatches upon that business—They take it kindly? said the king—They do, Sire, replied the minister, and have the highest sense of the honour your majesty has done them—but the republick, as godmother, claims her right, in this case, of naming the child.

In all reason, quoth the king——she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us. Your majesty is deceived, replied the minister—I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republick on that point also—And what name has the republick fixed upon for the Dauphin?—Shadrach, Meshech, Abednego, replied the minister.—By saint Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss, cried Francis the first, pulling up his breeches and walking hastily across the floor.

Your Majesty, replied the minister calmly, cannot bring yourself off.

We'll pay them in money—said the king.

Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury, answered the minister—I'll pawn the best jewel in my crown, quoth Francis the first.

— Your

Your honour stands pawn'd already in this matter, answered Monsieur le Premier.

Then, Monf. le Premier, said the king, by — we'll go to war with 'em.

C H A P. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the measure of such slender skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenient leisure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I here put into thy hands, might stand instead of many bigger books——yet have I carried myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right fore am I ashamed now to entreat thy lenity seriously——in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that in the story of my father and his christian-names, —I have no thoughts of treading upon Francis the First——nor in the affair of the nose——upon Francis the Ninth, nor in the character of my uncle Toby——of characterizing the militiating spirits of my country——the wound upon his groin; is a wound to every comparison of that kind——nor by Trim, that I meant the Duke of Ormond——or that my book is wrote against predestination, or free-will, or taxes——If 'tis wrote against any thing,——'tis wrote, an' please your worships, against the spleen; in order, by a more frequent and a more convulsive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the succussions of the intercostal and abdominal muscles in laughter, to drive the gall and

and other bitter juices from the gall-bladder, liver and sweet-bread of his majesty's subjects, with all the inimicitious passions which belong to them, down into their duodenum.

C H A P. XXIII.

—BUT can the thing be undone, Yorick? said my father——for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot. I am a vile canonist, replied Yorick——but of all evils, holding suspense to be the most tormenting, we shall at least know the worst of this matter. I hate these great dinners——said my father——The size of the dinner is not the point, answered Yorick——we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into the bottom of this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not——and as the beards of so many commissaries, officials, advocates, proctors, registers, and of the most able of our school divines and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has so presumpuously invited you—who, in your distress, would miss such an occasion? All that is requisite, continued Yorick, is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a conversation after dinner, so as to introduce the subject——Then my brother Toby, cried my father, clapping his two hands together, shall go with us.

——Let my old tie wig, quoth my uncle Toby, and my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXV.

—NO doubt, Sir,—there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chasm of ten pages made in the book by it—but the bookbinder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect, (at least upon that score)—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and complete, by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your reverences in this manner—I question first, by the by, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters—but there is no end, an' please your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this,—was the description of my father's, my uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's setting out and journeying to the visitations at * * * *.

We'll go in the coach, said my father—Prithee, have the arms been altered, Obadiah?

—It would have made my story much better, to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was repainted upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left hand, like Turpelius the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Basil—or whether 'twas

more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn, which every thing relating to our family was apt to take—it so fell out, however, to our reproach, that instead of the bend-dexter, which, since Harry the eighth's reign, was honestly our due—a bend-sinister, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the Shandy arms. 'Tis scarce credible, that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word coach—let it be whose it would—or coach-man, or coach-horse, or coach-hire, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to step into the coach, or out of it, without turning round, to take a view of the arms, and making a vow, at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the bend-sinister was taken out—but like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the Destinies had set down in their books—ever to be grumbled at (and in wiser families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—Has the bend-sinister been brush'd out, I say? said my father—There has been nothing brush'd out, Sir, answered Obadiah, but the lining. We'll go o' horseback, said my father, turning to Yorick—Of all things in the world, except politicks, the clergy know the least of heraldry, said Yorick—No matter for that, cried my father—I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them—Never mind the bend-sinister, said my uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig—No, indeed, said my father—you may go with

with my aunt Dinah, to a visitation with a bend-sinister, if you think fit—My poor uncle Toby blush'd. My father was vexed at himself—No——my dear brother Toby, said my father, changing his tone—but the damp of the coach-lining about my loins, may give me the sciatica again, as it did December, January and February last winter—so, if you please, you shall ride my wife's pad—and as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the best of your way before,—and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.

Now, the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the description of this cavalcade, in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horses abreast, led the way as slow as a patrol—whilst my uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations alternately upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

——But the painting of this journey, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the style and manner of any thing else I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene, and destroying at the same time, that necessary equipoise and balance, (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work results. For my own part, I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book, is for all the world like humming a song—be but in tune with yourself, Madam, 'tis no matter how high or how low you take it.—

—This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well (as Yorick told my uncle Toby one night) by siege—My uncle Toby looked brisk at the sound of the word siege, but could neither make head or tail of it.

I'm to preach at court next Sunday, said Homenas—run over my notes—so I humm'd over Dr. Homenas's notes—the modulation's very well, —'twill do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate—so on I humm'd—and a tolerable tune I thought it was; and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was; but that all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, so fine, so rich, so heavenly—it carried my soul up with it into the other world; now had I, (as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible—certes I had been outwitted—Your notes, Homenas, I should have said, are good notes—but it was so perpendicular a precipice—so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I humm'd, I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, so deep, so low, and dismal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

✿ A dwarf who brings a standard along with him, to measure his own size—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

C H A P. XXVI.

—**S**EE if he is not cutting it all into slips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!—'Tis abominable, answered Didius; it should not go unnoticed, said Doctor Kysarcij—~~he~~ he was of the Kysarcij of the Low Countries.

Methinks, said Didius, half rising from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter which stood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick——you might have spared this far-castick stroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. Yorick—or at least upon a more proper occasion, to have shown your contempt of what we have been about: If the sermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with—'twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before so learned a body; and if 'twas good enough to be preached before so learned a body—'twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—I have got him fast hung up, quoth Didius to himself, upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—let him get off as he can.

I have undergone such unspeakable torments, in bringing forth this sermon, quoth Yorick, upon this occasion,—that I declare, Didius, I would suffer martyrdom—and, if it was possible, my horse with me, a thousand times over, before I would sit down and make such another: I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me—it came from my head instead of my heart—and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of it in this manner.—To preach, to show the extent of

our reading, or the subtleties of our wit—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar, with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light, and less warmth—is a dishonest use of the poor single half hour in a week, which is put into our hands—’Tis not preaching the gospel—but ourselves—For my own part, continued Yorick, I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.—

As Yorick pronounced the word point-blank, my uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles—when a single word, and no more, uttered from the opposite side of the table, drew every one’s ears towards it—a word, of all others in the dictionary, the last in that place to be expected—a word I am ashamed to write—yet must be written—must be read—illegal—uncanonical—guess ten thousand guesses, multiplied into themselves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you’re where you was—In short, I’ll tell it in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXVII.

ZOUNDS!—

—Z—ds! cried Phutatorius, partly to himself—and yet high enough to be heard—and, what seemed odd, ’twas uttered in a construction of look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat between that of a man in amazement, and one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could distinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones,

tones as plainly as a third or a fifth, or any other chord in musick—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it—the concord was good in itself—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the subject started;—so that with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others who knew nothing of musical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was somewhat of a cholerick spirit, was just going to snatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemaule Yorick to some purpose—and that the desperate monosyllable Z—ds was the exordium to an oration, which, as they judged from the sample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him, so that my uncle Toby's good nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But seeing Phutatorius stop short, without any attempt or desire to go on—a third party began to suppose, that it was no more than an involuntary respiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelve-penny oath—without the sin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who sat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and substantial oath propensely formed against Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which said oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and so was naturally, and according to the due course of things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's

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heart,

heart, by the stroke of surprise which so strange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a soul busied in all these various reasonings upon the monosyllable which Phutatorius uttered,—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom, namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arising between Didius and Yorick; and indeed, as he looked first towards the one, and then towards the other, with the air of a man listening to what was going forwards,—who would not have thought the same? but the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one syllable of what was passing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own galligaskins, and in a part of them, where, of all others, he stood most interested to watch accidents: So that, notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually screwed up every nerve and muscle in his face, to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to Yorick, who sat over-against him—yet I say, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain—but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You must be informed then, that Gastripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on—observing a wicker-basket of fine chefnuts standing upon

upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred or two of them might be roasted and sent in, as soon as dinner was over—Gastripheres enforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius especially, were particularly fond of 'em.

About two minutes before the time that my uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue—Gastripheres's chesnuts were brought in—and as Phutatorius's fondness for 'em, was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damask napkin.

Now, whether it was physically impossible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at a time—but that some one chesnut, of more life and rotundity than the rest, must be put in motion—it so fell out however, that one was actually sent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius sat straddling under—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chaste word throughout all Johnson's dictionary—let it suffice to say—it was that particular aperture, which in all good societies, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of Janus, (in peace at least) to be universally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which, by the by, should be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.—

————— Accident, I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking,—but in no opposition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it—and are so

to this hour, That there was nothing of accident in the whole event.—But, that the chesnut's taking that particular course, and, in a manner, of its own accord——and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obscene treatise de Concubinis retinendis, which Phutatorius had published about twenty years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both sides of the question—all that concerns me, as an historian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chesnut;—and that the chesnut, somehow or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one else at that time.

The genial warmth which the chesnut imparted, was not undeleactable for the first twenty or five and twenty seconds,—and did no more than gently solicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part :——But the heat gradually increasing, and in a few seconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain,—the soul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to
the

the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purse.

With the best intelligence, which all these messengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forwards below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture, what the devil was the matter with it: However, as he knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present, to bear it, if possible, like a stoick; which, with the help of some wry faces and compursions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter—But the fallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that tho' the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat—it might, notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a newt, or an asser, or some such detested reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth—the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chesnut, seized Phutatorius with a sudden panick, and in the first terrifying disorder of the passion, it threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard;—the effect of which was this, that he leapt incontinently up, uttering, as he rose, that interjection of surprise so much descanted upon, with the aposiopestic break after it, marked thus, Z——ds!—which, though not strictly canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion;—and which, by the by, whether canonical or not,

not, Phutatorius could no more help than he could the cause of it.

Though this has taken up some time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the transaction, than just to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the chesnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor——and for Yorick to rise from his chair, and pick the chesnut up.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind:——What incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things,——that trifles light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveably within it——that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I said, picked up the chesnut which Phutatorius's wrath had flung down—the action was trifling—I am ashamed to account for it—he did it, for no reason, but that he thought the chesnut not a jot worse for the adventure—and that he held a good chesnut worth stooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius's head: He considered this act of Yorick's, in getting off his chair, and picking up the chesnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the chesnut was originally his,——and in course, that it must have been the owner of the chesnut, and no one else, who could have played him such a prank with it: What greatly confirmed him in this opinion, was this, that the table being parallelogrammical and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who sat directly over-against Phutatorius, of slipping

ping the chesnut in——and consequently that he did it. The look of something more than suspicion, which Phutatorius cast full upon Yorick as these thoughts arose, too evidently spoke his opinion.—And as Phutatorius was naturally supposed to know more of the matter than any person besides, his opinion at once became the general one,——and for a reason very different from any which have been yet given;——in a little time it was put out of all manner of dispute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight behind the scenes, to see what is the cause and first spring of them——The search was not long in this instance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatise which Phutatorius had wrote de Concubinis retinendis, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world——and 'twas easily found out, that there was a mystical meaning in Yorick's prank——and that his chucking the chesnut hot into Phutatorius's ***——****, was a sarcastical fling at his book——the doctrines of which, they said, had inflamed many an honest man in the same place.

This conceit awaken'd Somnolentius——made Agelastes smile——and if you can recollect the precise look and air of a man's face intent in finding out a riddle—it threw Gastripheres's into that form—and in short was thought by many to be a master-stroke of arch wit.

This, as the reader has seen, from one end to the

the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy: Yorick, no doubt, as Shakespeare said of his ancestor——“was a man of jest,” but it was temper’d with something which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame;—but it was his misfortune all his life long to bear the imputation of saying and doing a thousand things, of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was that singularity of his temper, which would never suffer him to take pains to set a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill usage of that sort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse—he could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator and believer of an illiberal report alike so injurious to him,—he could not stoop to tell his story to them,—and so trusted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroick cast produced him inconveniences in many respects—in the present, it was followed by the fixed resentment of Phutatorius, who, as Yorick had just made an end of his chesnut, rose up from his chair a second time, to let him know it—which indeed he did with a smile; saying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you must mark and carefully separate and distinguish these two things in your mind.

—The smile was for the company.

—The threat was for Yorick.

C H A P. XXVIII.

—C A N you tell me, quoth Phutatorius, speaking to Gastripheres who sat next to him—for one would not apply to a surgeon in so foolish an affair,——can you tell me, Gastripheres, what is best to take out the fire?—Ask Eugenius, said Gastripheres—That greatly depends, said Eugenius, pretending ignorance of the adventure, upon the nature of the part——If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapt up—It is both the one and the other, replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in question, and lifting up his right leg at the same time to ease and ventilate it—If that is the case, said Eugenius, I would advise you, Phutatorius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will send to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a soft sheet of paper just come off the press—you need do nothing more than twist it round——The damp paper, quoth Yorick (who sat next to his friend Eugenius) though I know it has a refreshing coolness in it—yet I presume is no more than the vehicle——and that the oil and lampblack with which the paper is so strongly impregnated, does the business—Right, said Eugenius, and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the most anodyne and safe.

Was it my case, said Gastripheres, as the main thing is the oil and lampblack, I should spread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.

That

That would make a very devil of it, replied Yorick—And besides, added Eugenius, it would not answer the intention, which is the extreme neatness and elegance of the prescription, which the faculty hold to be half in half—for consider, if the type is a very small one, (which it should be) the sanative particles, which come into contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin and with such a mathematical equality (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the spatula can come up to. It falls out very luckily, replied Phutatorius, that the second edition of my treatise de Concubinis retinendis, is at this instant in the press—You may take any leaf of it, said Eugenius—no matter which—provided, quoth Yorick, there is no baudry in it.—

They are just now, replied Phutatorius, printing off the ninth chapter—which is the last chapter but one in the book—Pray what is the title to that chapter? said Yorick, making a respectful bow to Phutatorius as he spoke—I think, answered Phutatorius, 'tis that, de re concubinariâ.

For heaven's sake keep out of that chapter, quoth Yorick.

—By all means—added Eugenius.

C H A P. XXIX.

—N O W, quoth Didius, rising up, and laying his right-hand with his fingers spread upon his breast—had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the reformation—(It happened the day

day before yesterday, quoth my uncle Toby to himself)—and when baptism was administered in Latin——('Twas all in English, said my uncle)——many things might have coincided with it, and, upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name——Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child of Tom-o'Stiles, in nomine patrim & filia & spiritum sanctos——the baptism was held null—I beg your pardon, replied Kysarcius,——in that case, as the mistake was only in the terminations, the baptism was valid—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun—and not, as in your case, upon the last.

My father delighted in subtleties of this kind, and listened with infinite attention.

Gastripheres, for example, continued Kysarcius, baptizes a child of John Stradling's in gomine gattris, &c. &c. instead of in nomine patris, &c.—Is this a baptism? No,—say the ablest canonists; inasmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the sense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object: for gomine does not signify a name, nor gattris a father——What do they signify? said my unclly Toby—Nothing at all, quoth Yorick—Ergo, such a baptism is null, said Kysarcius—In course,—answered Yorick, in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest—

But in the case cited, continued Kysarcius, where patrim is put for patris, filia for filij, and so on—as it is a fault only in the declension, and the roots of the words continue untouch'd, the inflexions

inflexions of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any sort hinder the baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before——But then, said Didius, the intention of the priest's pronouncing them grammatically, must have been proved to have gone along with it——Right, answered Kysarcus; and of this, brother Didius, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the III^d.——But my brother's child, cried my uncle Toby, has nothing to do with the Pope——'tis the plain child of a protestant gentleman, christened Tristram against the wills and wishes both of its father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.——

If the wills and wishes, said Kysarcus, interrupting my uncle Toby, of those only who stand related to Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, of all people, has the least to do in it.——My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair still closer to the table to hear the conclusion of so strange an introduction.

It has not only been a question, Captain Shandy, amongst the * best lawyers and civilians in this land, continued Kysarcus, "Whether the mother be of kin to her child,"——but, after much dispassionate inquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all sides——it has been adjudged for the negative——namely, "That the mother is not of kin to her child &c." My father instantly clapp'd his hand upon my uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whispering in his ear;——the truth was, he was alarmed for Lillabullero——and having

* *Vide Swinburn on Testaments, Part 7. § 8.*
 § *Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Administr. N. 47.*

a great desire to hear more of so curious an argument—he begg'd my uncle Toby, for heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it—My uncle Toby gave a nod—resumed his pipe, and, contenting himself with whistling *Lillabullero* inwardly—Kysarcus, Didius, and Triptolemus went on with the discourse as follows :

This determination, continued Kysarcus, how contrary soever it may seem to run to the stream of vulgar ideas, yet had reason strongly on its side; and has been put out of all manner of dispute, from the famous case, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's case.—It is cited in Brook, said Triptolemus—And taken notice of by Lord Coke, added Didius—And you may find it in Swinburn on Testaments, said Kysarcus.

The case, Mr. Shandy, was this.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having issue a son by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died; after whose death the son died also—but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother and his sister by the father's side (for she was born of the former venter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 21st of Harry the Eighth, whereby it is enacted, That in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The administration being thus (surreptitiously) granted to the mother, the sister by the father's side commenced a suit before the Ecclesiastical Judge, alledging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and, 2^{dly}, That the mother was not of kin.

kin at all to the party deceased; and therefore pray'd the court, that the administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceased, by force of the said statute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cause, and much depending upon its issue—and many causes of great property likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made—the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were consulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her son, or no.

—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers—but the church lawyers—the juris-consulti—the juris-prudentes—the civilians—the advocates—the commissaries—the judges of the consistory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion, that the mother was not of * kin to her child.—

And what said the Duchess of Suffolk to it? said my uncle Toby.

The unexpectedness of my uncle Toby's question, confounded Kysarcius more than the ablest advocate—He stopp'd a full minute, looking in my uncle Toby's face without replying—and in that single minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows.

'Tis a ground and principle in the law, said Triptolemus, that things do not ascend, but descend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cause, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and seed of its parents—that the parents, nevertheless, are not of the blood and
seed

* *Mater non numeratur inter consanguineas.*
Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. signific.

seed of it ; inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by the parents——For so they write, *Liberi sunt de sanguine patris & matris, sed pater et mater non sunt de sanguine liberorum.*

——But this, Triptolemus, cried Didius, proves too much—for from this authority cited, it would follow, not only what indeed is granted on all sides, that the mother is not of kin to her child—but the father likewise—It is held, said Triptolemus, the better opinion ; because the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three persons, yet they are but (*una caro **) one flesh ; and consequently no degree of kindred—or any method of acquiring one in nature—There you push the argument again too far, cried Didius—for there is no prohibition in nature, though there is in the levitical law,—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother—in which case, supposing the issue a daughter, she would stand in relation both of——But who ever thought, cried Kysarcius, of lying with his grandmother ?—The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden speaks of—who not only thought of it, but justified his intention to his father by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation—“ You lay, Sir, with my mother, said “ the lad—why may not I ly with yours ? ”—’Tis the argumentum commune, added Yorick. ’Tis as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deserve.

The company broke up.

CHAP.

* *Vide Brook Abridg. tit. Administr. N. 47.*

C H A P. XXX.

—AND pray, said my uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leisurely down the stairs—don't be terrified, Madam, this stair-case conversation is not so long as the last—And pray, Yorick, said my uncle Toby, which way is this said affair of Tristram at length settled by these learned men? Very satisfactorily, replied Yorick; no mortal, Sir, has any concern with it—for Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing at all a-kin to him—and as the mother is the surest side—Mr. Shandy, in course, is still less than nothing—In short, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am—

—That may well be, said my father, shaking his head.

—Let the learned say what they will, there must certainly, quoth my uncle Toby, have been some sort of consanguinity betwixt the duchess of Suffolk and her son.—

The vulgar are of the same opinion, quoth Yorick, to this hour.

C H A P. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the subtleties of these learned discourses—'twas still but like the anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but so much the heavier, as is ever the case when the staff we lean on slips from under us—He became

became pensive——walked frequently forth to the fish-pond——let down one loop of his hat——sigh'd often——forbore to snap——and, as the hasty sparks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much assist perspiration and digestion, as Hippocrates tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health rescued by a fresh train of disquietudes left him, with a legacy of a thousand pounds by my aunt Dinah.—

My father had scarce read the letter, when, taking the thing by the right end, he instantly begun to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out mostly to the honour of his family——A hundred and fifty odd projects took possession of his brains by turns——he would do this, and that, and t'other——He would go to Rome—he would go to law—he would buy stock—he would buy John Hobson's farm—he would new fore-front his house, and add a new wing to make it even——There was a fine water-mill on this side, and he would build a wind-mill on the other side of the river, in full view, to answer it——But, above all things in the world, he would inclose the great Ox-moor, and send out my brother Bobby immediately upon his travels.

But, as the sum was finite, and consequently could not do every thing—and in truth very few of these to any purpose,——of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the small inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necessity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This

This was not altogether so easy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before set his heart upon this necessary part of my brother's education, and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the first money that returned from the second creation of actions in the Mississippi scheme, in which he was an adventurer—yet the Ox-moor, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy-estate, had almost as old a claim upon him: He had long and affectionately set his heart upon turning it likewise to some account.

But having never hitherto been pressed with such a conjuncture of things, as made it necessary to settle either the priority or justice of their claims—like a wise man he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: so that upon the dismissal of every other project at this crisis,——the two old projects, the Ox-moor and my BROTHER, divided him again; and so equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occasion of no small contest in the old gentleman's mind,——which of the two shou'd be set a-going first.

——People may laugh as they will—but the case was this.

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time was almost become a matter of common right, that the eldest son of it should have free ingress, egress, and regress into foreign parts before marriage,——not only for the sake of bettering their own private parts, by the benefit of exercise and change of so much air—but simply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad——

broad——tantum valet, my father would say, quantum sonat.

Now as this was a reasonable, and, in course, a most Christian indulgence——to deprive him of it, without why or wherefore,——and thereby make an example of him, as the first Shandy un-whirl'd about Europe in a post-chaise, and only because he was a heavy lad——would be using him ten times worse than a Turk.

On the other hand, the case of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Exclusive of the original purchase-money, which was eight hundred pounds——it had cost the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-suit about fifteen years before——besides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

In had been, moreover, in possession of the Shandy family ever since the middle of the last century; and, though it lay full in view before the house, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill spoken of above,——and, for all these reasons, seemed to have the fairest title of any part of the estate, to the care and protection of the family——yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on——it had all along most shamefully been overlook'd; and, to speak the truth of it, had suffered so much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled (Obadiah said) who understood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only seen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchasing this tract of ground——nor, indeed, the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly speaking, of my father's doing——he had never thought himself any way concerned in the affair——till the fifteen

years before, when the breaking out of that cursed law-suit mentioned above (and which had arose about its boundaries)—which had been altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in its favour; and, upon summing them all up together, he saw, not merely in interest, but in honour, he was bound to do something for it—and that now or never was the time.

I think there must certainly have been a mixture of ill luck in it, that the reasons on both sides should happen to be so equally balanced by each other; for, though my father weigh'd them in all humours and conditions—spent many an anxious hour in the most profound and abstracted meditation upon what was best to be done—reading books of farming one day—books of travels another—laying aside all passion whatever—viewing the arguments on both sides in all their lights and circumstances—communing every day with my uncle Toby—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah—yet nothing in all that time appeared so strongly in behalf of the one, which was not either strictly applicable to the other, or at least so far counterbalanced by some consideration of equal weight, as to keep the scales even.

For, to be sure, with proper helps, and in the hands of some people, tho' the Ox-moor would undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay—yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my brother Bobby—let Obadiah say what he would.—

In point of interest—the contest, I own, at first sight, did not appear so undecisive betwixt them; for, whenever my father took pen and ink in hand,

hand, and set about calculating the simple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out so prodigiously in his way of working the account, that you would have sworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it. For it was plain he should reap an hundred lasts of rape, at twenty pounds a last, the very first year—besides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to speak within bounds, an hundred—but, in all likelihood, an hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of pease and beans—besides potatoes without end—But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in such a state of suspense—that, as he often declared to my uncle Toby—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

No body, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time: For, to say nothing of the havock, which, by a certain consequence, is unavoidably made by it all over the finer system of the nerves, which, you know, convey the animal spirits and more subtle juices from the heart to the head, and so on—it is not to be told in what a degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, wasting the fat and impairing the strength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly sunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME—had he not been rescued

out of it, as he was out of that, by a fresh evil—the misfortune of my brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to shift from side to side?—from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation?—and unbutton another?

C H A P. XXXII.

FROM this moment, I am to be considered as heir apparent to the Shandy family—and it is from this point properly, that the story of my LIFE and my OPINIONS sets out; with all my hurry and precipitation I have but been clearing the ground to raise the building—and such a building do I foresee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed since Adam. In less than five minutes, I shall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it—I have but half a score things to do in the time—I have a thing to name—a thing to lament—a thing to hope—a thing to promise, and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to suppose—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal—a thing to choose, and a thing to pray for.——This chapter, therefore, I name the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up some sort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is, that things have crowded in so thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which, I have, all the way, looked forwards,
with

with so much earnest desire; and that is the campaigns, but especially the amours of my uncle Toby, the events of which are of so singular a nature, and so Cervantick a cast, that if I can so manage it, as to convey but the same impressions to every other brain, which the occurrences themselves excite in my own—I will answer for it, the book shall make its way in the world, much better than its master has done before it.—Oh Tristram! Tristram! can this but be once brought about—the credit, which will attend thee as an author, shall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feast upon the one—when thou hast lost all sense and remembrance of the other!—

No wonder I itch so much as I do, to get at these amours—They are the choicest morsel of my whole story! and when I do get at 'em—assure yourselves, good folks;—(nor do I value whose squeamish stomach takes offence at it) I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words;—and that's the thing I have to declare.—I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I fear—and the thing I hope is, that your worships and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you something, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at—that's my dear Jenny's way—but who my Jenny is—and which is the right and which the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be concealed—it shall be told you the next chapter but one to my chapter of button-holes,—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these four volumes—the thing I have to ask, is, how you feel your heads? my own aches dif-

mally!——as for your healths, I know, they are much better——True Shandcism, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs, and, like all those affections which partake of its nature, it forces the blood, and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through their channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Panca, to choose my kingdom, it should not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks to make a penny of——no, it should be a kingdom of hearty laughing subjects: and, as the bilious and more saturnine passions, by creating disorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I see, upon the body politick as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern those passions, and subject them to reason——I should add to my prayer——that God would give my subjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then should I be the happiest monarch, and they the happiest people under heaven.—

And so, with this moral for the present, may it please your worships and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelvemonth, when (unless this vile cough kills me in the meantime) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a story to the world you little dream of.

9 N064

END of the FOURTH VOLUME.

THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

*Dixero si quid forte jocosius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.*

HOR.

——— *Si quis calumniatur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut
mordacius quam deceat Christianum* ——— *non Ego, sed
Democritus dixit.* ———

ERASMUS.

*Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba jocularia, risum moventia
ferat, anathema esto.*

Second Council of CARTHAGE.

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THE
JOURNAL OF THE
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE

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DEDICATION

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

J O H N,

Lord Viscount SPENCER.

MY LORD,

I HUMBLY beg leave to offer you these two Volumes; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce:—had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I BEG your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join Lady SPENCER, in the liberty

DEDICATION.

I take of inscribing the story of *Le Fevre*,
in the sixth volume, to her name; for which
I have no other motive, which my heart
has informed me of, but that the story is a
humane one.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted,

And most humble servant,

LAUR. STERNE.

~~...the moment I got home, and then
...the first of the winter, the first of the winter~~

~~...the first of the winter, the first of the winter
...the first of the winter, the first of the winter~~

~~...the first of the winter, the first of the winter
...the first of the winter, the first of the winter~~

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gt.

~~...the first of the winter, the first of the winter
...the first of the winter, the first of the winter~~

CHAP. I.

IF it had not been for those two mettlesome
tits, and that madcap of a postilion, who drove
them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought
had never entered my head. He flew like light-
ning——there was a slope of three miles
and a half——we scarce touched the ground——
the motion was most rapid——most impetu-
ous——'twas communicated to my brain——
my heart partook of it——“By the great God
of day,” said I, looking towards the sun, and
thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the
chaife, as I made my vow, “I will lock up my
study

study door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my house."

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution: it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, dragg'd—dragg'd up by eight heavy beasts—"by main strength! quoth I, nodding—but your betters draw the same way—and something of every body's!—O rare!"

Tell me, ye learn'd, shall we for ever be adding so much to the bulk,—so little to the stock?

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twisting and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be showing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?

Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world—the miracle of nature, as Zoroaster in his book *peri phusos* called him—the SHEKINAH of the divine presence, as Chrysostom—the image of God, as Moses—the ray of divinity, as Plato—the marvel of marvels, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion—but if there is no catachresis in the

with,

with, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great-Britain, France and Ireland, had the fancy for his pains; and that there was a good farcical house, large enough to hold —ay—and sublimate them, shag-rag and bob tail, male and female, all together—And this leads me to the affair of Whiskers—but, by what chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in mortmain to Prudes and Tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

Upon WHISKERS.

I am sorry I made it—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head.—A chapter upon whiskers! alas, the world will not bear it!—'tis a delicate world—but I knew not of what metal it was made—nor had I ever seen the underwritten fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still (let the world say what it will to the contrary), so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

The FRAGMENT.

*——You are half asleep, my good lady, said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word Whiskers—shall we change the subject? By no means, replied the old lady —I like

—I like your account of those matters: so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself—I desire, continued she, you will go on.

The old gentleman went on as follows.

—Whiskers! cried the queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting ball, as La Fosseuse uttered the word—Whiskers! madam, said La Fosseuse, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a courtesy as she repeated it.

La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low, yet 'twas an articulate voice: and every letter of the word Whiskers fell distinctly upon the queen of Navarre's ear—Whiskers! cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears—Whiskers! replied La Fosseuse, repeating the word a third time—There is not a cavalier, madam, of his age in Navarre, continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen, that has so gallant a pair—Of what? cried Margaret, smiling—Of whiskers, said La Fosseuse, with infinite modesty.

The word Whiskers still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which La Fosseuse had made of it: the truth was, La Fosseuse had pronounced the word, not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery—And as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time

time a mixture of gallantry and devotion—and whiskers being as applicable to the one as the other, the word naturally stood its ground—it gain'd full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it—the laity were against it—and for the women,—they were divided.

The excellency of the figure and mien of the young *Sieur de Croix*, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace gate, where the guard was mounted. The *Lady de Bauffiere* fell deeply in love with him—*La Battarelle* did the same—it was the finest weather for it that ever was remembered in *Navarre*—*La Guyol*, *La Maronette*, *La Sabatiere*, fell in love with the *Sieur de Croix* also—*La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* knew better—*De Croix* had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to *La Rebours*; and *La Rebours* and *La Fosseuse* were inseparable.

The Queen of *Navarre* was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as *De Croix* passed through it. He is handsome, said the *Lady Bauffiere*—He has a good mien, said *La Battarelle*—He is finely shaped, said *La Guyol*—I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life, said *La Maronette*, with two such legs—Or who stood so well upon them, said *La Sabatiere*—But he has no whiskers, cried *La Fosseuse*—Not a pile, said *La Rebours*.

The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the subject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy—*Ave Maria* † —what can

can La Fosseuse mean? said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

La Guyot, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers—Whiskers! said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

The Lady Carnavalette was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspected under her farthingal—from St. Antony down to St. Ursula inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bennet, St. Basil, St. Bridget, had all whiskers.

The Lady Bauffiere had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Fosseuse's text—She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her—the host passed by—the Lady Bauffiere rode on.

One denier, cried the order of mercy—one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards heaven and you for their redemption.

—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison—for an hospital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire—I call God and all his angels to witness—'tis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry—'tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

A decayed

A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfry, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.——cousin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue's sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me—pity me.

—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

Take hold of my whiskers, said the Lady Bauffiere.—The page took hold of her palfry. She dismounted at the end of the terrace.

There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eyebrows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger—we see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

Ha, ha! He, hee! cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other's prints.—Ho, ho! cried La Battarelle, and Maronette, doing the same:—Whist! cried one—st, st, —said a second—hush, quoth a third—poo, poo, replied a fourth—gramercy! cried the Lady Carnavalette—'twas she who bewhisler'd St. Bridget.

La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours's hand—La Rebours shook her head.

The Lady Bauffiere cough'd thrice into the inside of her muff—La Guyol smiled—Fy, said the Lady Bauffiere. The queen of Navarre touched her

her eye with the tip of her fore-finger—as much as to say, I understand you all.

'Twas plain to the whole court, the word was ruined: La Fosseuse had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles.—It made a faint stand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur de Croix, finding it high time to leave Navarre for want of whiskers—the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

The best word, in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations.—The curate of d'Estella wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the Navarrais against them.

Does not all the world know, said the curate d'Estella at the conclusion of his work, that Noses ran the same fate some centuries ago in most parts of Europe, which Whiskers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre?—The evil indeed spread no farther then—but have not beds and bolsters, and night-caps and chamber-pots stood upon the brink of destruction ever since? Are not trouse, and placket-holes, and pump-handles—and spigots and faucets, in danger still, from the same association?—Chastity, by nature the gentlest of all affections—give it but its head—'tis like a ramping and a roaring lion.

The drift of the curate d'Estella's argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.—The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the extremes of DELICACY, and the

the beginnings of CONCUPISCENCE, hold their next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy also.

C H A P. II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expence of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most un auspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door, to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask, whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning and ride in search of some.—With all my heart, Obadiah, said my father, (pursuing his journey)—take the coach-horse, and welcome.—But he wants a shoe, poor creature! said Obadiah—Poor creature! said my uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. Then ride the Scotch horse, quoth my father hastily.—He cannot bear a saddle upon his back, quoth Obadiah, for the whole world.—The devil's in that horse; then take PATRIOT, cried my father, and shut the door.—PATRIOT is sold, said Obadiah.—Here's for you! cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my uncle Toby's face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—Your worship ordered me to sell him last April, said Obadiah.—Then go on foot for your pains, cried my father.—I had much

much rather walk than ride, said Obadiah, shutting the door.

What plagues ! cried my father, going on with his calculation.—But the waters are out, said Obadiah,—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanſon's, and a book of the poſt-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compaſſes, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the laſt ſtage he had paid for—purpoſing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as ſoon as Obadiah quitted the room ; but this ſecond attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much.—He let go his compaſſes—or rather with a mixed motion betwixt accident and anger, he threw them upon the table ; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais (like many others) as wiſe as he had ſet out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey, to within a ſtride of the compaſſes of the very ſame ſtage of Nevers.—By your leave, Monſ. Sanſon, cried my father, ſtriking the point of his compaſſes through Nevers into the table—and nodding to my uncle Toby, to ſee what was in the letter,—twice of one night is too much for an Engliſh gentleman and his ſon, Monſ. Sanſon, to be turned back from ſo louty a town as Nevers,—what think'ſt thou, Toby ? added my father, in a ſprightly tone.—Unless it be a gariſon town, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for then—I ſhall be a fool, ſaid my father, ſmiling to himſelf, as long as I live.—So giving
a ſecond

a second nod—and keeping his compasses still upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

— he's gone I said my uncle Toby.—Where—Who? cried my father.—My nephew, said my uncle Toby.—What—without leave—without money—without governor? cried my father, in amazement. No:—he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle Toby.—Without being ill? cried my father again.—I dare say not, said my uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad! I'll answer for him—for he is dead.

When Agrippina was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.—My father stuck his compasses into Nevers but so much the faster.—What contrarieties! his, indeed, was matter of calculation!—Agrippina's must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.—

C H A P. III.

— — And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too—so look to yourselves.

'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some one, perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, that it is an irresistible and natural passion, to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel.—And accordingly, we find, that David wept for his son Abalom—Adrian for his Antinous—Niobe for her children,—and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and indeed differently from most men, either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans—or slept it off, as the Laplanders—or hang'd it, as the English—or drowned it, as the Germans—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it.—

He got rid of it, however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart,—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his

OWN

own unto it.—O my Tullia! my daughter! my child!—still, still, still,—’twas O my Tullia! my Tullia!—Methinks I see my Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—no body upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason: it was indeed his strength—and his weakness too.—His strength—for he was by nature eloquent.—and his weakness—for he was hourly a dupe to it:—and provided an occasion in life would but permit him to show his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematick misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father’s tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as ten, and the pain of the misfortune but as five—my father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father’s domestick character; and it is this, that in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family,

mily, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke, —and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out, that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah—and that there never would be an end of the disaster.—See here! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done.—It was not I, said Obadiah.—How do I know that? replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the Attick salt brought water into them—and so Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—For Death, it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed so into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a consistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.

“ 'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute
“ in Magna Charta—it is an everlasting act of
“ parliament, my dear brother,—All must die.

“ If my son could not have died, it had been
“ matter of wonder,—not that he is dead.

“ Monarchs

" Monarchs and princes dance in the same
" ring with us.

" ————To die, is the great debt and tri-
" bute due unto nature: tombs and monu-
" ments, which should perpetuate our memo-
" ries, pay it themselves; and the proudest py-
" ramid of them all, which wealth and science
" have erected, has lost its apex, and stands
" obtruncated in the traveller's horizon."—(My
" father found he got great ease, and went on)——

" Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and ci-
" ties, have they not their periods? and when
" those principles and powers, which at first ce-
" mented and put them together, have per-
" formed their several evolutions, they fall back."

———Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby,
laying down his pipe at the word evolutions——
Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father——by
heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby——
evolutions is nonsense.——'Tis not nonsense,—
said my uncle Toby.——But is it not nonsense
to break the thread of such a discourse, upon such
an occasion? cried my father——do not——dear
Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand,
do not——do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at
this crisis. My uncle Toby put his pipe into his
mouth.

" Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes,
" and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum,"
——continued my father, taking up his book of
post-roads, which he had laid down——" What
" is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and
" Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mitylene? the fair-
" est towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now
" no more: the names only are left, and those
" (for many of them are wrong spelt) are fall-

“ing themselves by piece-meal to decay, and,
 “in length of time, will be forgotten, and in-
 “volved with every thing in a perpetual night :
 “the world itself, brother Toby, must—must
 “come to an end.”

“Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from
 “Ægina towards Megara,” (when can this have
 “been? thought my uncle Toby) “I began to
 “view the country round about. Ægina was
 “behind me, Megara was before, Pyraeus on the
 “right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flou-
 “rishing towns, now prostrate upon the earth !
 “Alas ! alas ! said I to myself, that man should
 “disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when
 “so much as this lies awfully buried in his pre-
 “sence.—Remember, said I to myself again—
 “remember thou art a man.”—

Now, my uncle Toby knew not that this last
 paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's
 consolatory letter to Tully.—He had as little
 skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in
 the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my
 father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey
 trade, had been three or four different times in
 the Levant, in one of which he had staid a
 whole year and a half at Zant, my uncle Toby
 naturally concluded, that, in some one of these
 periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipela-
 go into Asia ; and that all this sailing affair, with
 Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyraeus
 on the right hand, &c. &c. was nothing more
 than the true course of my father's voyage and
 reflections.—'Twas certainly in his manner,
 —and many an undertaking critick would have
 built two stories higher upon worse foundations.
 —And pray, brother, quoth my uncle To-
 by,

by, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand, in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finished the account—what year of our Lord was this?—'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.—That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby.—Simpleton! said my father, —'twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.—“May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect and restore him,” said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

—My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

“There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines”—this way of setting off, by the by, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's suspicions.

—“Labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and wo, are the sauces of life.”—Much good may do them—said my uncle Toby to himself.

—“My son is dead!—so much the better;—’tis a shame, in such a tempest, to have but one anchor.

“But he is gone for ever from us!—be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber, before he was bald.—He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken.

“The Thracians wept when a child was born”—(and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby)—“and feasted and made merry
F 2 “when

“ when a man went out of the world ; and with
“ reason——Death opens the gate of fame, and
“ shuts the gate of envy after it—it unlooses the
“ chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman’s
“ task into another man’s hands.

“ Show me the man, who knows what life is,
“ who dreads it, and I’ll show thee a prisoner
“ who dreads his liberty.”

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby, (for mark—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst, than to take physick to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man’s room.—Strip it of these, what is it?—’Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby.—Take away its herbes, its mutes, and its mourning,—its plumes, scutcheons, and other mechanick aids—what is it?—Better in battle! continued my father, smiling; for he had absolutely forgot my brother Bobby—’tis terrible no way—for consider, brother Toby,—when we are—death is not;—and when death is—we are not. My uncle Toby laid down his pipe, to consider the proposition; my father’s eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man—away it went,—and hurried my uncle Toby’s ideas along with it.

For

For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made—Vespasian died in a jest upon his closestool—Galba with a sentence—Septimius Severus in a dispatch—Tiberius in dissimulation, and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment—I hope, 'twas a sincere one—quoth my uncle Toby.

—'Twas to his wife,—said my father.

CHAP. IV.

———And lastly——for of all the choice anecdotes which history can produce of this matter, continued my father,—this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabrick——crowns all—

'Tis of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor,—which, I dare say, brother Toby, you have read—I dare say I have not, replied my uncle.—He died, said my father, as * * * * *

———And if it was with his wife, said my uncle Toby——there could be no hurt in it.—That's more than I know—replied my father.

CHAP. V.

M^Y mother was going very gingerly in the dark, along the passage which led to the parlour, as my uncle Toby pronounced the word wife.—'Tis a shrill penetrating sound of itself, and Obadiah had helped it, by leaving the

door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herself the subject of the conversation: so, laying the edge of her finger across her two lips, holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers:—the listening Slave, with the Goddess of Silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude, I am determined to let her stand for five minutes, till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapin does those of the church) to the same period.

C H A P. VI.

THOUGH, in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses—that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantages of a complex one,—and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inside of a Dutch silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another,

other, at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now, to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour,—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out,—or the lines of discontent were observed to hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar—as it stands just now,—which, under covert of the bad hinge, (and that possibly might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended) it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not, indeed, as wide as the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house;—my mother at this moment stands profiting by it. —Obadiah did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table, which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprise, and entered upon his harangue,—had Trim got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's stock—though, by the by, your curious observers are seldom worth a groat—would have given the half of it to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father a man of deep reading—prompt memory—with Cato, and Seneca, and Epictetus at his fingers ends.—

The Corporal—with nothing—to remember—of no deeper reading than his muster-roll—or greater names at his fingers ends than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along, (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antithesis, or point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the pictures on the other, going straight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart. O Trim! would to heaven thou had'st a better historian!—would!—thy historian had a better pair of breeches!—O ye criticks! will nothing melt you?

C H A P. VII.

—My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah—

—A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head.—Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.—Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning.—But note a second time: the word mourning, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself—failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea,

idea, tinged either with grey or black,—all was green.—The green satin night-gown hung there still.

——O ! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried Sufannah.—My mother's whole wardrobe followed.—What a procession ! her red damask,—her orange-tawny,—her white and yellow lutestrings,—her brown taffata,—her bone-laced caps, her bed-gowns, and comfortable under petticoats.—Not a rag was left behind.—“ No—she will never look “ up again,” said Sufannah.

We had a fat foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity,—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.—He is dead ! said Obadiah,—he is certainly dead !—So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

——Here is sad news, Trim ! cried Sufannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepp'd into the kitchen,—master Bobby is dead and buried—the funeral was an interpolation of Sufannah's,—we shall have all to go into mourning, said Sufannah.

I hope not, said Trim.—You hope not ! cried Sufannah earnestly.—The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Sufannah's—I hope, said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true. I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah ; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.—Oh ! he's dead, said Sufannah.—As sure, said the scullion, as I am alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh.—Poor creature !—poor boy ! poor gentleman !

——He was alive last Whitsuntide, said

the coachman.——Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon,——what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrove-tide, or any tide or time past to this? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—and are we not—(dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment?——'Twas infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.——We are not stocks and stones.——Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted——The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.——The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state,——and possibly the preservation of the whole world——or, what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence——I do demand your attention;——your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, “we are not stocks and stones”——'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels,—I wish we were,—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations;—and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them; for my own part, I own
it,

it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye, (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or sometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of Trim's hat—"Are we not here now—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the sentence—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

—"Are we not here now,"—continued the corporal, "and are we not"—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—"gone! in a moment?" The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it,—his hand seemed to vanish from under it,—it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse,—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now—ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,—or in the
best

best direction that could be given to it,—had he dropped it like a goose—like a puppy—like an ass—or in doing it, or even after he had done it, had he looked like a fool,—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the engines of eloquence,—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to your purpose—

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass,—and, having done it, lead the owners of them whither ye think meet—

Ye, lastly, who drive—and why not, Ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout—meditate—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat.

C H A P. VIII.

STAY—I have a small account to settle with the reader, before Trim can go on with his harangue.—It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time,—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items,—a chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes, which, in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me, that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world,—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me,—and that they

they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an't please your reverences, but a chapter of chamber-maids, green gowns and old hats.

Trim took his off the ground,——put it upon his head, and then went on with his oration upon death, in the manner and form following.

C H A P. IX.

——To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is——who live here in the service of two of the best of masters——(bating, in my own case, his Majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)——I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas, 'tis not long——'tis like nothing;——but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about——'tis like a whole age.

——O Jonathan! 'twould make a good-natur'd man's heart bleed, to consider, continued the corporal, (standing perpendicularly) how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!——And trust me, Susy, added the corporal, turning to Sufannah, whose eyes were swimming in water——before that time comes round again,——many a bright eye will be dim——Sufannah placed it to the right side of the page——she wept——but she court'ied too.——Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Sufannah——are we not like a flower of the field——(a tear of pride stole in bewixt every two tears of humiliation——else no tongue could have described Sufannah's affliction)——

affliction)—is not all flesh grass?—'Tis clay,—'tis dirt.—They all looked directly at the scullion,——the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle—It was not fair.——

—What is the finest face that ever man looked at!—I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Sufannah—what is it!——(Sufannah laid her hand upon Trim's shoulder)—but corruption?—Sufannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and 'tis this delicious mixture within you, which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter, is, That he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pippin for his heart,—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER Sufannah, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the corporal's shoulder, (by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections——

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious he had got into the doctor's quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself——

Or whether — — — — —
Or whether—for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions——which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious any body determine——'tis certain

at

at least, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all:—not this . . . added the corporal, snapping his fingers,—but with an air, which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment.—In battle I value death not this . . . and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun,——What is he? A pull of a trigger——a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that——makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see! Jack's down! well,—'tis worth a regiment of horse to him—No—'tis Dick. Then Jack's no worse. Never mind which,—we pass on,—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt—the best way is to stand up to him,——the man who flies, is in ten times more danger than the man who marches up into his jaws.——I've look'd him, added the corporal, an hundred times in the face,—and know what he is.—He's nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field.—But he's very frightful in an house, quoth Obadiah.—I never mind it myself, said Jonathan, upon a coach-box.—It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed, replied Susannah.—And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf's skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there—said Trim—but that is nature.

—Nature is nature, said Jonathan.—And that is the reason, cried Susannah, I so much pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it.—Now I pity the captain the most of any one in the family, answered Trim.—Madam will get ease of heart in weeping—and the Squire in talking

ing about it,—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for lieutenant Le Fevre. An' please your honour, do not sigh so piteously, I would say to him as I lay beside him. I cannot help it, Trim, my master would say,—'tis so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.—Your honour fears not death yourself—I hope, Trim, I fear nothing, he would say, but the doing a wrong thing. Well, he would add, whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre's boy.—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.

I like to hear Trim's stories about the captain, said Susannah.—He is a kindly-hearted gentleman, said Obadiah, as ever lived.—Ay—and as brave a one too, said the corporal, as ever stept before a platoon.—There never was a better officer in the king's army,—or a better man in God's world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole,—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other people;—he would not hurt a chicken.—I would sooner, quoth Jonathan, drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a year—than some for eight.—Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings—as much, Jonathan, said the corporal, shaking him by the hand, as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death, out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me—and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief,—

chief—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—The whole kitchen was affected.—Do tell us this story of the poor lieutenant, said Susannah—with all my heart, answered the corporal.

Susannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen door,—the corporal began.

C H A P. XL

I AM a Turk if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plastered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the river Nile, without one.—Your most obedient servant, Madam—I've cost you a great deal of trouble—I wish it may answer—but you have left a crack in my back—and here's a great piece fallen off here before,—and what must I do with this foot?—I shall never reach England with it.

For my own part I never wonder at any thing;—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong,—at least I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and can neither of us do well without,—I'll go to the world's end with him;— But I hate disputes,—

putes,—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choak me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one.—But I cannot bear suffocation, and bad smells worst of all.—For which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, That if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented,—or a new one raised,—I would have no hand in it, one way or t'other.

CH A P. XII.

—**B**UT to return to my mother.—My uncle Toby's opinion, Madam, “that there could be no harm in Cornelius Gal-
“lus, the Roman prætor's lying with his wife;”
—or rather the last word of that opinion,—(for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex:—You shall not mistake me,—I mean her curiosity,—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation; and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said, was accommodated either to herself, or her family concerns.

—Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live, who would not have done the same?

From the strange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges;—'twas irresistible:—not the oration of Socrates,—but my father's temptation to it.—He had wrote the
the

the * Life of Socrates himself the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it;—so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroick loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration, which closed with a shorter word than transmigration or annihilation, or a worse thought in the middle of it than, To be—or not to be,—the entering upon a new and untried state of things,—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance:—That we and our children were born to die,—but neither of us born to be slaves.—No—there I mistake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (de bel. Judaic.)—Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India; in all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had over-run Persia, amongst the many things he stole,—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself, (for we all know he died at Babylon) at least by some of his marauders, into Greece,—from Greece it got to Rome,—from Rome to France,—and from France to England:—So things come round.—

By land-carriage, I can conceive no other way.—

By water the sentiment might easily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian Sea; and following

* This book my father would never consent to publish; 'tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family, all or most of which will be printed in due time.

following the course of trade, (the way from India by the cape of Good Hope being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and spices, up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mecca, or else to Tor or Suez, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by caravans to Coptos, but three days journey distant, so down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great stair-case of the Alexandrian library,—— and from that store-house it would be fetched.— Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

CH A P. XIII.

——**N**OW my father had a way a little like that of Job's, in case there ever was such a man—if not, there's an end of the matter.

Though, by the by, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived;—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived at all, is a little cruel,—'tis not doing as they would be done by.—Happen that as it may—my father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first fally of his impatience,—of wondering why he was begot,—wishing himself dead,—sometimes worse:—And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers,—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself.——Every word would breathe

breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges.—“I have friends—I have relations, “—I have three desolate children,” says Socrates.—

—Then, cried my mother, opening the door, —you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one less—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

C H A P. XIV.

—They are Socrates's children, said my uncle Toby. He has been dead a hundred years ago, replied my mother.

My uncle Toby was no chronologer—so not caring to advance a step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the eclclaircissement himself.

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce, which, unless every one's life and opinions are to be looked upon as a farce, as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished the first act of it, and then this chapter must have set off thus.

Prr...r...r...ing—twing—twang—prut—trut—
 'tis a cursed bad fiddle—Do you know whether my fiddle's in tune or no?—trut...prut...
 —They should be fifths.—'Tis wickedly strung—tr.. a.e.i.o.u.—twang—The bridge is a mile too high, and the sound-post absolutely down—else—trut...prut—hark! 'tis not so bad a tone—Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle dum. There is nothing in playing before good judges, but there's a man there—no—not him with the bundle under his arm—the grave man in black.—S'death! not the gentleman with the sword on.—Sir, I had rather play a Caprichio to Calliope herself, than draw my bow across my fiddle before that very man; and yet I'll stake my Cremona to a Jew's trump, which is the greatest musical odds that ever were laid, that I will this moment stop three hundred and fifty leagues out of tune upon my fiddle, without punishing one single nerve that belongs to him.—
 Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle—twiddle diddle, twoddle diddle,—twuddle diddle,—prut—trut—krish—krash—krush.—I've undone you, Sir—but you see he is no worse,—and was
 Apollo

Apollo to take his fiddle after me, he can make him no better.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, diddle diddle—
hum—dum—drum.

—Your worships and your reverences love musick——and God has made you all with good ears—and some of you play delightfully yourselves——trut-prut,——prut-trut.

O! there is——whom I could sit and hear whole days——whose talents ly in making what he fiddles to be felt,——who inspires me with his joys and hopes, and puts the most hidden springs of my heart into motion.——If you would borrow five guineas of me, Sir,——which is generally ten guineas more than I have to spare——or you, Messrs. Apothecary and Taylor, want your bills paying,—that's your time.

C H A P. XVI.

THE first thing which entered my father's head, after affairs were a little settled in the family, and Susannah had got possession of my mother's green satin night-gown——was to sit down coolly, after the example of Xenophon, and write a TRISTRA-pædia, or system of education for me; collecting, first, for that purpose, his own scattered thoughts, counsels, and notions; and binding them together, so as to form an INSTITUTE for the government of my childhood and adolescence. I was my father's last stake——he had lost my brother Bobby entirely,——he had lost, by his own computation, full three-fourths of me——that is,

he

he had been unfortunate in his three first great casts for me—my geniture, nose, and name,—there was but this one left; and accordingly, my father gave himself up to it with as much devotion as ever my uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of projectiles.—The difference between them was, that my uncle Toby drew his whole knowledge of projectiles from Nicolas Tartaglia. ——— My father spun his, every thread of it, out of his own brain,—or had so reeled and cross-twisted what all other spinners and spinsters had spun before him, that 'twas pretty near the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something more, my father had got advanced almost into the middle of his work. Like all other writers, he met with disappointments.—He imagined he should be able to bring whatever he had to say, into so small a compass, that, when it was finished and bound, it might be rolled up in my mother's huffive.—Matter grows under our hands.—Let no man say,—“Come—I'll write a duodecimo.”

My father gave himself up to it, however, with the most painful diligence, proceeding step by step in every line, with the same kind of caution and circumspection (though I cannot say upon quite so religious a principle) as was used by John de le Casse, the lord archbishop of Benevento, in compassing his Galatea; in which his Grace of Benevento spent near forty years of his life; and when the thing came out, it was not of above half the size or the thickness of a Rider's Almanack.—How the holy man managed the affair, unless he spent the greatest part of his time in combing his whiskers, or playing
at

at primero with his chaplain,—would pose any mortal not let into the true secret ;—and therefore, 'tis worth explaining to the world, was it only for the encouragement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Casse, the archbishop of Benevento, for whose memory (notwithstanding his *Galatea*) I retain the highest veneration,—had he been, Sir, a slender clerk,—of dull wit—flow parts,—costive head, and so forth,—he and his *Galatea* might have jogged on together to the age of Methuselah for me—the phenomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.

But the reverse of this was the truth : John de la Casse was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy ; and yet, with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his *Galatea*, he lay under an impuissance at the same time, of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day : this disability in his Grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with,—which opinion was this, viz. That whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, bona fide, to print and publish it to the world, his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one.——This was the state of ordinary writers : but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author,——he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand——all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.——'Twas term-time with them,——every thought, first and last, was captious ;—how specious and good soever,——'twas all one ;—in whatever form or colour it presented

sented itself to the imagination,—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of composition, as a state of warfare; and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth, both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his WIT—as his RESISTANCE.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of John de la Casse, archbishop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the Shandy estate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it;—and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Casse's parabolical representation,—as was to be found in any one poetick fiction, or mystick record of antiquity.—Prejudice of education, he would say, is the devil,—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk—are the devil and all.—We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and researches; and, was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him,—what would his book be? Nothing,—he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance,—nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women

women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristra-pædia*; at which (as I said) he was three years and something more, indefatigably at work, and at last, had scarce completed, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother: and, what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent the most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless,—every day, a page or two became of no consequence.—

—Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, That the wisest of us all should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance,—or, in other words,—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that, if an event had not happened,—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I very believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

C H A P. XVII.

———'T WAS nothing,——I did not lose two drops of blood by it——'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us——thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occasion:—some men rise, by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires,——and I am this day (August the 10th 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O, 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no ***** *** under the bed:——Cannot you contrive, master, quoth Susannah, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other——cannot you manage, my dear, for a single time, to ***** ** * ** * ***** ?

I was five years old.—Susannah did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family,——so slap came the sash down like lightning upon us;——Nothing is left,——cried Susannah,——nothing is left—for me, but to run my country.

My uncle Toby's house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so Susannah fled to it.

C H A P. XVIII.

W H E N Susannah told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances

stances which attended the murder of me, (as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks;—all accessories in murder, being principals,—Trim's conscience told him he was as much to blame as Susannah; and, if the doctrine had been true, my uncle Toby had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to heaven as either of 'em;—so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided Susannah's steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination:—to form any kind of hypothesis, that will render these propositions feasible, he must cudgel his brains sore,—and to do it without—he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture? 'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

C H A P. XIX.

'TIS a pity, Trim, said my uncle Toby, resting with his hand upon the corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their work,—that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt;—'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite complete—get me a couple cast, Trim.

Your honour shall have them, replied Trim, before to-morrow morning.

It was the joy of Trim's heart,—nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his last crown, he would have sat down and ham-

mered it into a paderero, to have prevented a single wish in his master. The corporal had already,—what with cutting off the ends of my uncle Toby's spouts,—hacking and chiseling up the sides of his leaden gutters,—melting down his pewter shaving-bason,—and going at last, like Lewis the fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for spare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign, brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demiculverins, into the field: my uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery window: and as the sash pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my uncle Toby's house long before, in the very same way,—though not always in the same order; for sometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead,—so then he began with the pullies,—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless,—and so the lead went to pot too.

—A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this, but I have not time—'tis enough to say, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash-window.

CHAP.

C H A P. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left Sufannah to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she could:—true courage is not content with coming off so.—The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train,—’twas no matter,—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened, at least, in Sufannah’s hands:—How would your honours have behaved?—He determined at once, not to take shelter behind Sufannah,—but to give it; and, with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole manœuvre before my uncle Toby.

My uncle Toby had just then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steenkirk, and of the strange conduct of Count Solmes, in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march, where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king’s command, and proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatick writer,—I mean of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his forefinger, laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking across it, at right angles, made a shift to tell his story so, that priests and virgins might have lis-

tened to it ;—and the story being told,—the dialogue went on as follows.

C H A P. XXI.

—I would be piquetted to death, cried the corporal, as he concluded Susannah's story, before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm,—'twas my fault, an' please your honour, —not hers.

Corporal Trim, replied my uncle Toby, putting on his hat, which lay upon the table,—if any thing can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done,—'tis I certainly who deserve the blame,—you obeyed your orders.

Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the same at the battle of Steenkirk, said Yorick, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat,—he had saved thee; —Saved! cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion,—he had saved five battalions, an' please your reverence, every soul of them :—there was Cutts's—continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand,—there was Cutts's—Mackay's—Angus's—Graham's—and Leven's, all cut to pieces;—and so had the English life-guards too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket :—they'll go to heaven for it —added Trim.—Trim is right, said my uncle

ele Toby, nodding to Yorick,—he's perfectly right. What signified his marching the horse, continued the corporal, where the ground was so strait, and the French had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and fell'd trees laid this way and that, to cover them, (as they always have)?—Count Solmes should have sent us—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them, for their lives;—there was nothing to be done for the horse:—He had his foot shot off, however, for his pains, continued the corporal, the very next campaign at Landen.—Poor Trim got his wound there, quoth my uncle Toby.—'Twas owing, an' please your honour, entirely to Count Solmes;—had we drubb'd them soundly at Steenkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.—Possibly not, Trim,—said my uncle Toby;—though if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you.—There is no way but to march coolly up to them,—receive their fire, and fall in upon them, pell-mell—Ding dong, added Trim.—Horse and foot, said my uncle Toby—Helter-skelter, said Trim.—Right and left, cried my uncle Toby—Blood and'ounds, shouted the corporal:—the battle raged—Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety, and after a moment's pause, my uncle Toby sinking his voice a note, —resumed the discourse as follows.

C H A P. XXII.

KING William, said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Yorick, was so terribly provoked at Count Solmes, for disobeying his orders, that he would not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.—I fear, answered Yorick, the squire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the King at the Count.—But 'twould be singularly hard in this case, continued he, if Corporal Trim, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to Count Solmes, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace;—too oft, in this world, do things take that train.—I would spring a mine, cried my uncle Toby, rising up, and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it.—Trim directed a slight—but a grateful bow towards his master,—and so the chapter ends.

C H A P. XXIII.

—Then, Yorick, replied my uncle Toby, you and I will lead the way abreast,—and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.—And Sufannah, an' please your honour, said Trim, shall be put in the rear.—'Twas an excellent disposition; and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my uncle Toby's house, to Shandy-hall.

—I wish,

—I wish, said Trim, as they entered the door, —instead of the sash-weights, I had cut off the church-spout, as I once thought to have done. —You have cut off spouts enow, replied Yorick.—

C H A P. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes,—not one or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life. —There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing,—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.—The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled—that every object before him, presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, 'twas a different object,—and in course, was differently considered.

This is the true reason, that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outside,—I, at her in.—How is it possible we should agree about her value?

C H A P.

C H A P. XXV.

TIS a point settled,—and I mention it for the comfort of † Confucius, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story,—that provided he keeps along the line of his story, he may go backwards and forwards as he will,—’tis still held to be no digression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the act of going backwards myself.

C H A P. XXVI.

FIFTY thousand pannier loads of devils— (not of the archbishop of Benevento’s—I mean of Rabelais’s devils) with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it, as I did—when the accident besel me; it summoned up my mother instantly into the nursery,—so that Susannah had but just time to make her escape down the back stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself,—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet Susannah, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to Jonathan,

† *Mr. Shandy is supposed to mean ***** Esq; member for *****—and not the Chinese Legation.*

than, and Jonathan to Obadiah; so that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above,—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened.——I thought as much, said my father, tucking up his night-gown;—and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this—(though for my own part I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Tristra-pædia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining one in the whole book;—and that is the chapter upon sash-windows, with a bitter Philippick at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids.—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, Had the matter been taken into consideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the sash-window for good and all;—which, considering with what difficulty he composed books,—he might have done with ten times less trouble, than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument I foresee holds good against his writing the chapter, even after the event; but 'tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon sash-windows and chamber-pots, at the time supposed,—and it is this—

—That in order to render the *Tristra-pædia* complete,—I wrote the chapter myself.

C H A P. XXVII.

MY father put on his spectacles—looked—took them off,—put them into the case—all in less than a statutable minute; and without opening his lips, turned about, and walked precipitately down stairs: my mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading desk, she took it for granted 'twas an herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bedside, that he might consult upon the case at his ease.

—If it be but right done,—said my father, turning to the Section—*de fede vel subiecto circumcisionis*,—for he had brought up Spencer *de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and Maimonides, in order to confront and examine us altogether.—

—If it be but right done, quoth he—Only tell us, cried my mother, interrupting him, what herbs.—For that, replied my father, you must send for Dr. Slop.

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the section as follows:

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * —Very well,—said my father, * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

—nay, if it has that convenience—and so without stopping a moment to settle it first in his

his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews,—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care when evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded,—he shut the book, and walked down stairs.—Nay, said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step as he set his foot upon it—if the EGYPTIANS,—the SYRIANS,—the PHOENICIANS,—the ARABIANS,—the CAPPADOCIANS—if the COLCHI, and TROGLODYTES did it—if SOLON and PYTHAGORAS submitted, what is TRISTRAM?—Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?

C H A P. XXVIII.

DEAR Yorick, said my father smiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and so had slept first into the parlour)—this Tristram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the son of Jew, Christian, Turk, or Infidel, initiated into them, in so oblique and slovenly a manner.—But he is no worse, I trust, said Yorick.—There has been certainly, continued my father, the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptic, when this offspring of mine was formed.—That, you are a better judge of than I, replied Yorick. Astrologers, quoth my father, know better than us both:—the trine and sextile aspects have jumped awry,—or the opposite of their ascendants have

not hit it, as they should,—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at bo-peep,—or something has been wrong above or below with us.

'Tis possible, answered Yorick.—But is the child, cried my uncle Toby, the worse?—The Troglodytes say not, replied my father.—And your theologists, Yorick, tell us—Theologically? said Yorick,—or speaking after the manner of * apothecaries?—† statesmen?—or ‡ washer-women?

—I'm not sure, replied my father,—but they tell us, brother Toby, he's the better for it.—Provided, said Yorick, you travel him into Egypt.—Of that, answered my father, he will have the advantage, when he sees the pyramids.—

Now, every word of this, quoth my uncle Toby, is Arabic to me.—I wish, said Yorick, 'twas so—to half the world.

—§ ILUS, continued my father, circumcised his whole army one morning.—Not without a court-martial? cried my uncle Toby.—Though the learned, continued he, taking no notice of my uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick,—are greatly divided still who Ilus was;—some say Saturn;—some the supreme Being;—others, no more than a brigadier-general under Pharaoh Neco. Let him be who he will, said my

* Χαλεπῆς νόσος, καὶ δυσίατον ἀπακλασθῆναι, ἢ ἀνθρακὶ κα-
λεῦσιν. PHILO.

† Τὰ τετιμώμενα τῶν ἰσχυρῶν πολυγονεαῖα, καὶ πολυανθρω-
πότηα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαριότητος εἰκελιν.

BOCHART.

§ Ὁ Ἰλος, τὰ ἀιδεῖα περιτέμνοισι, ταυτὸ ποιεῖται καὶ τοῖς
ἑμὶ αὐτῷ συμμάχους καταναγκάσας. SANCHONIATHO.

my uncle Toby, I know not by what article of war he could justify it.

The controvertists, answered my father, assign two and twenty different reasons for it—others indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them. But then again, our best polemick divines—I wish there was not a polemick divine, said Yorick, in the kingdom;—one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted ship-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years.—Pray, Mr. Yorick, quoth my uncle Toby, do tell me what a polemick divine is.—The best description, captain Shandy, I have ever read, is of a couple of 'em, replied Yorick, in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt Gymnast and Captain Tripet; which I have in my pocket.—I beg I may hear it, quoth my uncle Toby earnestly.—You shall, said Yorick.—And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door,—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper,—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.—With all my soul, said my father.—Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor: and having shut the door, Yorick took a book from his right hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

C H A P. XXIX.

—“ Which words being heard by all the
 “ soldiers which were there, divers of them be-
 “ ing inwardly terrified, did shrink back, and
 “ make

“ make room for the assailant : all this did Gym-
“ naft very well remark and confider ; and there-
“ fore, making as if he would have alighted
“ from off his horfe, as he was poifing himfelf
“ on the mounting fide, he moft nimbly (with
“ his fhort fword by his thigh) fhifting his feet
“ in the ftirrup, and performing the ftirrup-lea-
“ ther feat, whereby, after the inclining of his
“ body downwards, he forthwith launched him-
“ felf aloft into the air, and placed both his feet
“ together upon the faddle, ftanding upright,
“ with his back turned towards his horfe’s head,
“ —Now (faid he) my cafe goes forward. Then
“ fuddenly, in the fame pofture wherein he was,
“ he fetched a gambol upon one foot, and turn-
“ ing to the left hand, failed not to carry his
“ body perfectly round, juft into his former po-
“ fition, without miffing one jot.—Ha ! faid
“ Tripet, I will not do that at this time,—and
“ not without caufe. Well, faid Gymnaft, I
“ have failed,—I will undo this leap ; then with
“ a marvellous ftrength and agility, turning to-
“ wards the right-hand, he fetched another frisk-
“ ing gambol as before ; which done, he fet his
“ right-hand thumb upon the bow of the faddle,
“ raifed himfelf up, and fprung into the air,
“ poifing and upholding his whole weight upon
“ the mufcle and nerve of the faid thumb, and
“ fo turned and whirled himfelf about three
“ times : at the fourth, reverfing his body, and
“ overturning it upfide down, and forefide back,
“ without touching any thing, he brought him-
“ felf betwixt the horfe’s two ears, and then gi-
“ ving himfelf a jerking fwing, he feated himfelf
“ upon the crupper.”—

[This

[This can't be fighting, said my uncle Toby.—The corporal shook his head at it.—Have patience, said Yorick.]

“Then (Tripet) pass'd his right leg over his saddle, and placed himself en croup.—But, said he, 'twere better for me to get into the saddle; then putting the thumbs of both hands upon the crupper before him, and thereupon leaning himself, as upon the only supporters of his body, he incontinently turned heels over head in the air, and straight found himself betwixt the bow of the saddle in a tolerable seat; then springing into the air with a summerset, he turned him about like a windmill, and made above an hundred frisks, turns, and demipommadas”——Good God! cried Trim, losing all patience—one home thrust of a bayonet is worth it all.—I think so, too, replied Yorick.—

I am of a contrary opinion, quoth my father.

C H A P. XXX.

——No,——I think I have advanced nothing, replied my father, making answer to a question which Yorick had taken the liberty to put to him——I have advanced nothing in the Tristrapædia, but what is as clear as any one proposition in Euclid.—Reach me, Trim, that book from off the scrutoire:——it has oft-times been in my mind, continued my father, to have read it over, both to you, Yorick, and to my brother Toby; and I think it a little unfriendly in myself, in not having done it long ago:——shall we have a short

short chapter or two now,—and a chapter or two hereafter, as occasions serve, and so on, till we get through the whole? My uncle Toby and Yorick made the obeisance which was proper; and the corporal, though he was not included in the compliment, laid his hand upon his breast, and made his bow at the same time.—The company smiled. Trim, quoth my father, has paid the full price for staying out the entertainment.—He did not seem to relish the play, replied Yorick.—’Twas a Tom-fool battle, an’ please your reverence, of captain Tripet’s and that other officer, making so many summersets as they advanced;—the French come on capering now and then in that way,—but not quite so much.

My uncle Toby never felt the consciousness of his existence with more complacency, than what the corporal’s, and his own reflections, made him do at that moment;—he lighted his pipe,—Yorick drew his chair closer to the table,—Trim snuff’d the candle,—my father stirr’d up the fire,—took up the book,—cough’d twice, and began.

C H A P. XXXI.

THE first thirty pages, said my father, turning over the leaves,—are a little dry; and as they are not closely connected with the subject,—for the present we’ll pass them by: ’tis a prefatory introduction, continued my father, or an introductory preface (for I am not determined which name to give it) upon political or civil government; the foundation of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female,
for

for procreation of the species———I was insensibly led into it.———'Twas natural, said Yorick.

The original of society, continued my father, I'm satisfied, is, what Politian tells us, i. e. merely conjugal, and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman;——to which, (according to Hesiod) the philosopher adds a servant:——but supposing, in the first beginning, there were no men servants born——he lays the foundation of it, in a man,—a woman,—and a bull.——I believe 'tis an ox, quoth Yorick, quoting the passage (*οἶνον μὲν ἀπέτισα, γυναικὰ τε, βὺν τ' ἀποτίνα*)——A bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.——But there is a better reason still, said my father, (dipping his pen into his ink) for, the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment——was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them.—And there is a stronger reason, added my uncle Toby, than them all for the ox.——My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my uncle Toby's reason—For, when the ground was tilled, said my uncle Toby, and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification. True, true, dear Toby, cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

——I enter upon this speculation, said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he

he went on,—merely to show the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways:—

1st, by marriage.

2d, by adoption.

3d, by legitimation.

And, 4th, by procreation; all which I consider in their order.

I lay a slight stress upon one of them, replied Yorick—the act, especially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon the child, as it conveys power to the father.—You are wrong,—said my father, argutely, and for this plain reason

* * * * *

—I own, added my father, that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.—But the reason, replied Yorick, equally holds good for her.—She is under authority herself, said my father;—and besides, continued my father, nodding his head, and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason—she is not the principal agent, Yorick—In what? quoth my uncle Toby, stopping his pipe.—Though, by all means, added my father, (not attending to my uncle Toby) “The son ought to pay her respect,” as you may read, Yorick, at large, in the first book of the Institutes of Justinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.—I can read it as well, replied Yorick, in the Catechism.

C H A P. XXXII.

TRIM can repeat every word of it by heart, quoth my uncle Toby——Pugh! said my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim's saying his Catechism.—He can, upon my honour, replied my uncle Toby——ask him, Mr. Yorick, any question you please.—

—The fifth Commandment, Trim——said Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest Catechumen. The corporal stood silent.—You don't ask him right, said my uncle Toby, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command;—The fifth—cried my uncle Toby——I must begin with the first, an' please your Honour, said the corporal.—

—Yorick could not forbear smiling.—Your reverence does not consider, said the corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his position,—that 'tis exactly the same thing as doing one's exercise in the field.—

“Join your right hand to your firelock,” cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

“Poise your firelock,” cried the corporal, doing the duty still of both adjutant and private man.—

“Rest your firelock;”—one motion, an' please your reverence, you see, leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the first—

THE FIRST—cried my uncle Toby, setting his hand upon his side.— * * * * *

* * * * *

THE

THE SECOND—cried my uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his manual with exactness; and having honoured his father and mother, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

Every thing in this world, said my father, is big with jest,—and has wit in it, and instruction too,—if we can but find it out.

—Here is the scaffold-work of INSTRUCTION, its true point of folly without the BUILDING behind it.—

—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders, and bear-leaders to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away!

SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT.

Yorick thought my father inspired.—I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses, (of which, by the by, my father had no high opinion) if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated.—Prithee, Trim, quoth my father, turning round to him,—What do'st thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an' please your Honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did, indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, thou art

art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself.

C H A P. XXXIII.

OBLESSED health! cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter,—thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and he that is so wretched as to want thee,——wants every thing with thee.——

I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head, said my father, into very little room, therefore we'll read the chapter quite thro'.

My father read as follows :

“ The whole secret of health depending upon
“ the due contention for mastery betwixt the
“ radical heat and the radical moisture”—You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above, said Yorick. Sufficiently, replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book,——not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his forefinger in the chapter:—not pettishly,——for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.——

I have demonstrated the truth of that point, quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.

Now, could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating, That the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture,—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word wet or dry upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter,—or a single syllable in it, pro or con, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal œconomy—

“O thou eternal Maker of all beings!”—he would cry, striking his breast with his right hand, (in case he had one)—“Thou whose power and goodness can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection,——What have we MOONITES done?”

C H A P. XXXIV.

WITH two strokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father achieve it.

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*,——and *Vita brevis*.——Life short, cried my father,——and the art of healing tedious! And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves,
——and

—and the stage loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetick lumber, with which, in all ages, they have first flatter'd the world, and at last deceived it?

—O my lord Verulam! cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum-mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest,—What shall I say to thee, my great lord Verulam? What shall I say to thy internal spirit,—thy opium,—thy saltpetre,—thy greasy unction,—thy daily purges,—thy nightly glisters, and succedaneums?

—My father was never at a loss what to say to any man, upon any subject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordship's opinion,—you shall see;—but when—I know not:—we must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

C H A P. XXXV.

“THE two great causes which conspire with each other to shorten life, says Lord Verulam, are first—

“The internal spirit, which, like a gentle flame, wastes the body down to death:—
“And secondly, the external air, that parches the body up to ashes:—which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and render them unfit to carry on the functions of life.”

This being the state of the case, the road to longevity was plain; nothing more being re-

quired, says his lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of saltpetre every morning before you get up.—

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without;—but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctions, which so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter;—nor could any one get out.—This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers—a course of glisters was requisite to carry off redundant humours,—and render the system complete.

What my father had to say to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his saltpetre, and greasy unctions and glisters, you shall read,—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time presses upon me,—my reader is impatient—I must get forwards.—You shall read the chapter at your leisure, (if you choose it) as soon as ever the *Tristrapædia* is published.—

Sufficeth it at present, to say, my father levelled the hypothesis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own.—

C H A P. XXXVI.

THE whole secret of health, said my father, beginning the sentence again, depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us; —the

—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the task, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chymist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance; for the fat and tallow, as also the phlegm or watery parts are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit, which accounts for the observation of Aristotle, "*Quod omne animal post coitum est triste.*"

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture; but whether vice versâ, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies.—So that if a child, as he grows up, can be but taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of them threaten his destruction,—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.—

C H A P. XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of Jericho itself, could not have engaged the attention of my uncle Toby more powerfully than the last chapter;—his eyes were fixed upon my father, throughout it;—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished,

he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question,—
aside——* * * *

* * * * It was at the siege of Limerick, an' please your honour, replied the corporal, making a bow.

The poor fellow and I, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, were scarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the siege of Limerick was raised, upon the very account you mention.—Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby? cried my father, mentally.—By Heaven! continued he, communing still with himself, it would puzzle an Oedipus to bring it in point.—

I believe, an' please your honour, quoth the corporal, that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your honour off;—and the geneva, Trim, added my uncle Toby, which did us more good than all—I verily believe, continued the corporal, we had both, an' please your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.—The noblest grave, corporal! cried my uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, that a soldier could wish to ly down in.—But a pitiful death for him! an' please your honour, replied the corporal.

All this was as much Arabick to my father, as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodites had been before to my uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or smile.—

My uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, resumed the case at Limerick, more intelligibly than he had

had begun it,—and so settled the point for my father at once.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

IT was undoubtedly, said my uncle Toby, a great happiness for myself and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five and twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.—My father drew in his lungs topful of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.—

——It was heaven's mercy to us, continued my uncle Toby, which put it into the corporal's head, to maintain that due contention between the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and spices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, so that the radical heat stood its ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.—Upon my honour, added my uncle Toby, you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother Shandy, twenty toises—If there was no firing, said Yorick.

Well—said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing a while after the word—Was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one, permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy——Yorick foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father's breast, and

begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the corporal a question.—Prithee, Trim, said Yorick, without staying for my father's leave,—tell us honestly—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?

With humble submission to his honour's better judgment, quoth the corporal, making a bow to my uncle Toby—Speak thy opinion freely, corporal, said my uncle Toby.—The poor fellow is my servant,—not my slave,—added my uncle Toby, turning to my father.

The corporal put his hat under his left arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth,—he delivered his notion thus.

C H A P. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming to begin—in waddled Dr. Slop.—'Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.—

Well, my good doctor, cried my father, sportively, for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden,—and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Dr. Slop had laid down, to treat the accident

cident by, no way allowed of such a mode of inquiry.—He sat down.

Pray, Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanswered,—in what condition is the boy?—'Twill end in a phimosis, replied Dr. Slop.

I am no wiser than I was, quoth my uncle Toby,—returning his pipe into his mouth.—Then let the corporal go on, said my father, with his medical lecture.—The corporal made a bow to his old friend, Dr. Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat and radical moisture, in the following words.

C H A P. XL.

THE city of Limerick, the siege of which was begun under his majesty king William himself, the year after I went into the army—lies, an' please your honours, in the middle of a devilish wet, swampy country.—'Tis quite furrounded, said my uncle Toby, with the Shannon, and is, by its situation, one of the strongest fortified places in Ireland.—

I think this is a new fashion, quoth Dr. Slop, of beginning a medical lecture.—'Tis all true, answered Trim.—Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it, said Yorick.—'Tis all cut through, an' please your reverence, said the corporal, with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle,—'twas that and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myself. Now there was no such thing after the first ten days, continued the cor-

poral, for a soldier to ly dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water;—nor was that enough, for those who could afford it, as his honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter dish full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.—

And what conclusion dost thou draw, Corporal Trim, cried my father, from all these premises?

I infer, an' please your worship, replied Trim, that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch-water—and that the radical heat of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy,—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an' please your honours, is nothing but ditch-water—and a dram of geneva—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours,—we know not what it is to fear death.

I am at a loss, Captain Shandy, quoth Doctor Slop, to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology, or divinity.—Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.—

It is but an hour ago, replied Yorick, since the corporal was examined in the latter, and passed muster with great honour.—

The radical heat and moisture, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father, you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being,—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by consubstantials, impriments, and occludents.—

Now

Now this poor fellow, continued Dr. Slop, pointing to the corporal, has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empirick discourse upon this nice point.——That he has,——said my father.——Very likely, said my uncle——I'm sure of it,——quoth Yorick.

C H A P. XLI.

DOCTOR Slop being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the Tristra-pædia——Come! cheer up, my lads; I'll show you land——for when we have tugged through that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth.——Huzza!——

C H A P. XLII.

FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

Four years in travelling from Christ-crofs-row to Malachi;

A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

Seven long years and more ~~rusty~~ rusto-ing it, at Greek and Latin;

Four years at his probations and his negations——the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block,——and nothing done, but his tools sharpened to hew it out!——'Tis a piteous delay!——Was not the great Julius Scaliger

ger within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before he could manage his Greek;—and Peter Damianus, lord bishop of Ostia, as all the world knows, could not so much as read, when he was of man's estate.—And Baldus himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamas, heard Xenocrates at seventy-five disputing about wisdom, that he asked gravely,——If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring concerning wisdom,—what time will he have to make use of it?

Yorick listened to my father with great attention; there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims, and he had sometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them:—be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

I am convinced, Yorick, continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, that there is a North-west passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.——But, alack! all fields have not a river or a spring running beside them;——every child, Yorick! has not a parent to point it out.

——The whole entirely depends, added my father, in a low voice, upon the auxiliary verbs, Mr. Yorick.

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's Inake, he could not have looked more surprised——I am surprised

prised too, cried my father, observing it,—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befel the republick of letters, That those who have been entrusted with the education of our children, and whose business it was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done.—So that, except Raymond, Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the last of which arrived to such perfection in the use of 'em, with his topicks, that, in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, pro and con, and to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.—I should be glad, said Yorick, interrupting my father, to be made to comprehend this matter. You shall, said my father.

The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor,—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better;—but be that as it may,—when the mind has done that with it—there is an end,—the mind and the idea are at rest,—until a second idea enters,—and so on.

Now the use of the Auxiliaries, is, at once to set the soul a-going by herself upon the materials, as they are brought her; and, by the versability of this great engine, round which they are twisted, to open new tracts of inquiry, and make every idea ingender millions.

You excite my curiosity greatly, said Yorick.

For my own part, quoth my uncle Toby, I have given it up.—The Danes, an' please your honour,

honour, quoth the corporal, who were on the left at the siege of Limerick, were all auxiliaries.

—And very good ones, said my uncle Toby.

—And your honour roul'd with them—captains with captains—very well, said the corporal.

—But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about, answered my uncle Toby,—I conceive to be different things.—

—You do? said my father, rising up.

C H A P. XLIII.

MY father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here, continued my father, are, am; was; have; had; do; did; make; made; suffer; shall; should; will; would; can; could; owe; ought; used, or is wont. And these varied with tenses, present, past, future; and conjugated with the verb See,—or with these questions added to them;—Is it? Was it? Will it be? Would it be? May it be? Might it be? And these again put negatively,—Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?—Or affirmatively,—It is; It was; It ought to be. Or chronologically—Has it been always? Lately? How long ago?—Or hypothetically,—If it was? If it was not?—What would follow?—If the French should beat the English?—If the Sun go out of the Zodiac?

Now, by the right use and application of these, continued my father, in which a child's memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth

forth from it.—Did'st thou ever see a white bear? cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair:—No, an' please your Honour, replied the corporal.—But thou could'st discourse about one, Trim, said my father, in case of need?—How is it possible, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, if the corporal never saw one?—'Tis the fact I want, replied my father; and the possibility of it is as follows:

A WHITE BEAR! Very well. Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or, can I ever see one?

Would I had seen a white bear? (for how can I imagine it?)

If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?

If I never have, can, must or shall see a white bear alive; have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I ever see one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?

Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? How would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? Tame? Terrible? Rough? Smooth?

—Is the white bear worth seeing?

—Is there no sin in it?—

—Is it better than a BLACK ONE?

END of the FIFTH VOLUME.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

*Dixero si quid forte jocosus, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis.*

HOR.

——— *Si quis calumniatur levius esse quam decet theologum, aut
mordacius quam deceat Christianum* ——— *non Ego, sed
Democritus dixit.* ———

ERASMUS.

*Si quis Clericus, aut Monachus, verba jocularia, risum moventia
serat, anathema esto.*

Second Council of CARTHAGE.

VOL. VI.

200

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OPINION

70

TO
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BRITISH



12. Name the kind of sentence, and write the subject and predicate.

1863

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gt.

CHAP. I.

—WE'LL not stop two moments, my dear Sir,—only, as we have got thro' these five volumes, (do, Sir, sit down upon a seat—they are better than nothing) let us just look back upon the country we have passed through.—

What a wilderness has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been lost, or devoured by wild beasts in it!

Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of Jack Asses?—How they view'd and review'd us as we passed over the rivulet

let at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of sight—good God! what a braying did they all set up together!

—Prithee, Shepherd, who keeps all these Jack Asses? * * *

—Heaven be their comforter—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray—bray—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;—louder still—that's nothing;—in good sooth, you are ill used:—Was I a Jack Ass, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-sol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he closed the book for good and all,—and in a kind of triumph redelivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the scrutoire where he found it.—

Tristram, said he, shall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the same way;—every word, Yorick, by this means, you see, is converted into a thesis or an hypothesis;—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions;—and each proposition has its own consequences and conclusions;—every one of which leads the mind on again, into fresh tracts of enquiries and doubtings.—The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible, in opening a child's head.—'Tis enough, brother Shandy, cried my uncle Toby, to burst it into a thousand splinters.—

I presume,

I presume, said Yorick, smiling,—it must be owing to this,—(for, let logicians say what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments)—that the famous Vincent Quirino, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world so exact a story—should be able to paste up in the publick schools at Rome, so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and sixty different theses, upon the most abstruse points of the most abstruse theology;—and to defend and maintain them in such sort, as to cramp and dumfound his opponents.—What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of Alphonfus Tostatus, who, almost in his nurse's arms, learned all the sciences and liberal arts, without being taught any one of them?—What shall we say of the great Peireskius?—That's the very man, cried my uncle Toby, I once told you of, brother Shandy, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Scheveling, and from Scheveling back again, merely to see Stevinus's flying chariot.—He was a very great man! added my uncle Toby, (meaning Stevinus)——He was so, brother Toby, said my father, (meaning Peireskius)——and had multiplied his ideas so fast, and increased his knowledge to such a prodigious stock, that, if we may give credit to an anecdote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without shaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever—at seven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the sole management of all his concerns.—Was the

the father as wise as the son? quoth my uncle Toby:—I should think not, said Yorick:—But what are these, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthusiasm)—what are these, to those prodigies of childhood in Grotius, Scioppius, Heinsius, Politian, Pascal, Joseph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cordouè, and others—some of which left off their substantial forms at nine years old, or sooner, and went on reasoning without them?—Others went through their classics at seven,—wrote tragedies at eight;—Ferdinand de Cordouè was so wise at nine, 'twas thought the devil was in him;—and at Venice, gave such proofs of his knowledge and goodness, that the monks imagined he was Antichrist, or nothing.—Others were masters of fourteen languages at ten,—finished the course of their rhetoric, poetry, logick, and ethicks at eleven,—put forth their commentaries upon Servius and Martianus Capella at twelve—and at thirteen received their degrees in philosophy, laws, and divinity:—But you forget the great Lipsius, quoth Yorick, who composed a work * the day he was born.—They should have wiped it up, said my uncle Toby, and said no more about it.

CHAP.

* *Nous aurions quelque intérêt, says Baillet, de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule s'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le sens énigmatique que Nicus Erythraeus a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit, que pour comprendre comme Lipse a pu composer un ouvrage le premier jour de sa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'est pas celui de sa naissance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'user de la raison; il veut que c'ait été à l'âge de neuf ans; et il nous veut persuader que ce fut en cet âge, que Lipse fit un poëme.—Le tour est ingénieux, &c. &c.*

C H A P. III.

WHEN the cataplasm was ready, a scruple of decorum had unseasonably rose up in Susannah's conscience about holding the candle, whilst Slop tied it on; Slop had not treated Susannah's distemper with anodynes,—and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt them.

—Oh! oh! said Slop, casting a glance of undue freedom in Susannah's face as she declined the office;—then, I think, I know you, Madam.—You know me, Sir! cried Susannah fastidiously, and with a toss of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profession, but at the doctor himself,—you know me! cried Susannah again.—Dr. Slop clapped his finger and his thumb instantly upon his nostrils:—Susannah's spleen was ready to burst at it;—'Tis false, said Susannah.—Come, come, Mrs. Modesty, said Slop, not a little elated with the success of his last thrust,—if you won't hold the candle and look—you may hold it and shut your eyes:—That's one of your popish shifts, cried Susannah:—'Tis better, said Slop, with a nod, than no shift at all, young woman;—I defy you, Sir, cried Susannah, pulling her shift-sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two persons to assist each other, in a surgical case, with a more splenetic cordiality.

Slop snatched up the cataplasm,—Susannah snatched up the candle;—A little this way, said Slop;—Susannah looking one way, and rowing another, instantly set fire to Slop's wig, which
being

being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.—You impudent whore! cried Slop,—(for what is passion but a wild beast)—you impudent whore, cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand;—I never was the destruction of any body's nose, said Susannah,—which is more than you can say:—Is it?—cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her face;—Yes, it is, cried Susannah, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.—

C H A P. IV.

DOCTOR Slop and Susannah filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen, to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

C H A P. V.

YOU see 'tis high time, said my father, addressing himself equally to my uncle Toby and Yorick, to take this young creature out of these womens hands, and put him into those of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once to superintend his son Commodus's education,—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them:—I know very well, continued my father, that Commodus's mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception; which accounts for a great many of Commodus's

Commodus's cruelties when he became emperor;—but still I am of opinion, that those five whom Antoninus dismissed, did Commodus's temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now, as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps, the inmost sentiments of his heart;—I would have one, Yorick, if possible, polished at all points, fit for my child to look into.—This is very good sense, quoth my uncle Toby to himself.

—There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man well within;—and I am not at all surpris'd, that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of Julian, should foretel he would one day become an apostate;—or that St. Ambrose should turn his amanuensis out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;—or that Democritus should conceive Protagoras to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, the small twigs inwards.—There are a thousand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's soul: and I maintain it, added he, that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes, which discovers him.

It is for these reasons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of, shall nei-

ther * lisp, or squint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or foolish;—or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or speak through his nose, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.—

He shall neither walk fast,—or slow, or fold his arms,—for that is laziness;—or hang them down,—for that is folly; or hide them in his pocket,—for that is nonsense.

He shall neither strike, or pinch, or tickle,—or bite, or cut his nails, or hawk, or spit, or snift, or drum with his feet or fingers in company;—nor (according to Erasmus) shall he speak to any one in making water,—nor shall he point to cation or excrement.—Now, this is all nonsense again, quoth my uncle Toby to himself.

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial; at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and speculative questions;—he shall be wise, and judicious, and learned:—And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle-tempered, and good? said Yorick:—And why not, cried my uncle Toby, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?—He shall, my dear Toby, replied my father, getting up and shaking him by his hand.—Then, brother Shandy, answered my uncle Toby, raising himself off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you;—a tear of joy of the first water sparkled in my uncle Toby's eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the proposition was made;—you will see why, when you read Le Fevre's story:—fool that I was! nor

* *Vid. Pellegrina.*

can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but the occasion is lost,—I must tell it now in my own.

CH A P. VI.

The Story of LE FEVRE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard,—I say, sitting—for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect:—this bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five and twenty years together.—But this is neither here nor

there—why do I mention it?—Ask my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village, came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack, and a thin toast—I think, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill,—I hope in God he will still mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him, he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do, Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour, with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your Honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your Honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what

with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honour your death, and bring on your Honour's torment in your groin. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it;—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an' please your Honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy, the whole time he smoked it.

CHAP. VII.

The Story of LE FEVRE continued.

IT was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able

able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee, till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good:—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son: for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long:—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal,

poral, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him, I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar——(And thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's
curate

curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen-fire,—but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I thought it wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair, by his bed-side, and as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your Reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your Reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches;—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harassing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—must say
L 5 his

his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your Reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not :—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not ; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the scripture, said my uncle Toby ; and I will show it thee to-morrow :—In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one :—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do, till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it :—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which, I supposed, he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take

it away at the same time—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:——If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me:—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing:—possibly he may my story, added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kiss'd it twice.—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side,——and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,——then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, —I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much

much concerned ;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe ?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, fighting again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted ;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment ;—but finish the story thou art upon :—Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a goodnight ; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas ! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy ! cried my uncle Toby.

CHAP. VIII.

The Story of LE FEVRE continued.

IT was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner,—that nevertheless he

he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counterscarp,—— and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist, as well as himself, out of his pay,——that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle Toby—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too:——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,——we could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy

thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He will march; said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in; and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAPTER IX.

—MY uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER.

C H A P. X.

The Story of LE FEVRE concluded.

THE sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface, or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner,

ner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—— The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up withfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—moved—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

CHAP. XI.

I AM so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young Le Fevre's, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter.—All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows:—

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obsequies all military honours, and that Yorick, not to be behind hand—paid him all ecclesiastick—for he buried him in his chance!—

And

And it appears likewise, he preached a funeral sermon over him—I say, it appears,—for it was Yorick's custom, which I suppose a general one with those of his profession, on the first leaf of every sermon which he composed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occasion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add some short comment or stricture upon the sermon itself, seldom, indeed, much to its credit:—For instance, 'This sermon upon the Jewish dispensation—I don't like it at all;—Though I own there is a world of WATER-LANDISH knowledge in it,—but 'tis all critical, and most critically put together.—This is but a flimsy kind of a composition; what was in my head when I made it?

—N. B. The excellency of this text is, that it will suit any sermon,—and of this sermon—that it will suit any text.

—For this sermon I shall be hanged,—for I have stolen the greatest part of it. Doctor Païdagunes found me out.

✂ Set a thief to catch a thief.

On the back of half a dozen I find written, So, so, and no more—and upon a couple, Moderato; by which, as far as any one may gather from Altieri's Italian dictionary,—but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whip-cord, which seemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whiplash, with which he has left us the two sermons marked Moderato, and the half dozen of So, so, tied fast together in one bundle by themselves, one may safely suppose he meant pretty near the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the moderato's are
five

five times better than the *so so's*—show ten times more knowledge of the human heart;—have seventy times more wit and spirit in them;—(and to rise properly in my climax)—discover a thousand times more genius;—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those tied up with them—for which reason, whenever Yorick's dramatick sermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one out of the whole number of the *so so's*, I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print the two *moderato's* without any sort of scruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lento*,—*tenuto*,—*grave*,—and sometimes *adagio*,—as applied to theological compositions, and with which he has characterised some of these sermons, I dare not venture to guess.—I am more puzzled still upon finding a *Poetava alta*! upon one;—*Constrepito* upon the back of another;—*Scicilliana* upon a third;—*Alla capella* upon a fourth;—*Con Parco* upon this;—*Senza Parco* upon that:—All I know is, that they are musical terms, and have a meaning;—and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt, but that by some quaint application of such metaphors to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of their several characters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongst these, there is that particular sermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression—the funeral sermon upon poor *Le Fevre*, wrote out very fairly, as if from a hasty copy.—I take notice of it the more, because it seems to have been his favourite composition—

It

It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and cross-ways, with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twisted round, with a half sheet of dirty blue paper, which seems to have been once the cast cover of a general review, which to this day smells horribly of horse-drugs.—Whether these marks of humiliation were designed,—I something doubt;—because at the end of the sermon, (and not at the beginning of it)—very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote—

Bravo!

—though not very offensively,—for it is at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from, and below the concluding line of the sermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it justice, it is wrote besides with a crow's quill, so faintly, in a small Italian hand, as scarce to solicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not,—so that from the manner of it, it stands half excused; and being wrote, moreover, with very pale ink, diluted almost to nothing,—'tis more like a ritratto of the shadow of vanity, than of VANITY herself—of the two; resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer, than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that in publishing this, I do no service to Yorick's character as a modest man;—but all men have their failings! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away, is this, That the word was struck through sometime afterwards (as appears

from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite across it in this manner, **PRAYO**—as if he had retracted, or was ashamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

These short characters of his sermons were always written, excepting in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his sermon, which served as a cover to it; and usually upon the inside of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his discourse, where, perhaps, he had five or six pages, and sometimes, perhaps, a whole score to turn himself in,—he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one;—as if he had snatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicksome strokes at vice, than the straitness of the pulpit allowed.—These, though huffar-like they skirmish lightly and out of all order, are still auxiliaries on the side of virtue;—tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonderdondergewdenstronke, why they should not be printed together?

C H A P. XII.

WHEN my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind,—there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat, and a sword; so that my uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the corporal:—Wear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the
sake

fake of the poor lieutenant——And this,——
said my uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his
hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he
spoke——and this, Le Fevre, I'll save for thee,
——'tis all the fortune, continued my uncle
Toby, hanging it upon a crook, and pointing to
it,——'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre,
which God has left thee; but if he has given
thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,
——and thou doest it like a man of honour,——'tis
enough for us.

As soon as my uncle Toby had laid a founda-
tion, and taught him to inscribe a regular poly-
gon in a circle, he sent him to a publick school,
where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas,
at which times the corporal was punctually dis-
patched for him,——he remained to the spring of
the year seventeen; when the stories of the em-
peror's sending his army into Hungary against
the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom,
he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and
throwing himself upon his knees before my un-
cle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my un-
cle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his
fortune under Eugene.——Twice did my uncle
Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fevre!
I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside
me——And twice he laid his hand upon his groin,
and hung down his head in sorrow and disconso-
lation.——

My uncle Toby took down the sword from the
crook, where it had hung untouched ever since
the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the
corporal to brighten up;——and having detain-
ed Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and
contract for his passage to Leghorn,——he put the
sword

sword into his hand,—If thou art brave, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee—but Fortune, said he, (musing a little)——Fortune may—And if she does—added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course.

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindness;—he parted from my uncle Toby, as the best of sons from the best of fathers—both dropped tears—and as my uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bless him.

C H A P. XIII.

LE FEVRE got up to the Imperial army just time enough to try what metal his sword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trode close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles, from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health, and, in short, every thing but his sword;—and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about six weeks before Susannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him
and

and Yorick a description of what kind of a person he would choose for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's name—till the character, by Yorick's interposition, ending, unexpectedly, in one who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre, and his interest, upon my uncle Toby so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands—I beg, brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you—I beseech you, do, added Yorick—He has a good heart, said my uncle Toby—And a brave one too, an' please your Honour, said the corporal.

—The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my uncle Toby—And the greatest cowards, an' please your Honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it—There was serjeant Kumber, and ensign—

We'll talk of them, said my father, another time.

C H A P. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lies!

Doctor Slop, like a son of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himself—debased me to death, and made ten thousand times
more

more of Susannah's accident, than there was any grounds for; so that in a week's time, or less, it was in every body's mouth, That poor Master Shandy * * * * * entirely.——And FAME, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had sworn positively she saw it; and all the world, as usual, gave credit to her evidence——“That the nursery window had not only * * * * *; but that * * * * *’s also.”

Could the world have been sued like a BODY-CORPORATE,——my father had brought an action upon the case, and trounced it sufficiently; but, to fall foul of individuals about it—as every soul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greatest pity imaginable——’twas like flying in the very face of his best friends:—And yet to acquiesce under the report, in silence—was to acknowledge it openly,—at least in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a bustle again, in contradicting it—was to confirm it as strongly in the opinion of the other half.—

—Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman so hampered? said my father.

I would show him publickly, said my uncle Toby, at the market cross.

—’Twill have no effect, said my father.

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

—I'll put him, however, into breeches, said my father,—let the world say what it will.

C H A P. XVI.

THERE are a thousand resolutions, Sir, both in church and state, as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern,—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a hasty, hair-brained, and unadvised manner, were, notwithstanding this, (and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or stood behind the curtain, we should have found it was so) weighed, poized and perpended—argued upon—canvassed through—entered into, and examined on all sides with so much coolness, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herself (I do not take upon me to prove her existence) could neither have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my father's resolution of putting me into breeches; which though determined at once—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheless, been pro'd and con'd, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two several beds of justice, which my father had held for that purpose. I shall explain the nature of these beds of justice in my next chapter; and, in the chapter following that, you shall step with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to

hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated, between themselves, this affair of the breeches, from which you may form an idea how they debated all lesser matters.

C H A P. XVII.

THE ancient Goths of Germany, who (the learned Cluverius is positive) were first seated in the country between the Vistula and the Oder, and who afterwards incorporated the Herculi, the Bugians, and some other Vandalick clans to 'em, had all of them a wise custom of debating every thing of importance to their state, twice; that is,——once drunk, and once sober:——Drunk—that their councils might not want vigour;——and sober—that they might not want discretion.

Now my father, being entirely a water drinker,——was a long time gravelled almost to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing, which the ancients did or said; and it was not till the seventh year of his marriage, after a thousand fruitless experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which answered the purpose:——and that was, when any difficult and momentous point was to be settled in the family which required great sobriety, and great spirit too, in its determination,——he fixed and set apart the first Sunday night in the month, and the Saturday night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed with my mother: By which contrivance, if you consider, Sir, with yourself,

These

These my father, humorously enough, called his beds of justice;—for, from the two different councils taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wisdom as well as if he had got drunk and sober an hundred times.

It must not be made a secret of to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it—or, if he can, may it be always for his body's health? and to do it, as my father did it,—am I sure it would be always for his soul's?

My way is this:—

In all nice and ticklish discussions,—(of which, heaven knows, there are but too many in my book)—where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back—I write one half full, and t'other fasting;—or write it all full, and correct it fasting;—or write it fasting, and correct it full,—for they all come to the same thing:—So that, with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothick—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice,—and no-way inferior to him in his second.—These different and almost irreconcilable effects, flow uniformly from the wise and wonderful mechanism of nature,—of which—be hers the honour.—All that we can do, is, to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and sciences.—

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live;—

that is, I write free from the cares, as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and by-corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes its course: and I write on, as much from the fullness of my heart as my stomach.—

But when, an' please your honours, I indite fasting, 'tis a different history.—I pay the world all possible attention and respect,—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that understrapping virtue of discretion, as the best of you.—So that betwixt both, I write a careless kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured, Shandean book, which will do your hearts good.—

—And all your heads too,—provided you understand it.

C H A P. XVIII.

WE should begin, said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate—we should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.—

We should so,—said my mother.—We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, shamefully.—

I think, we do, Mr. Shandy,—said my mother.

—Not but the child looks extremely well, said my father, in his vests and tunicks.—

—He does look very well in them,—replied my mother.—

—And

—And for that reason, it would be almost a sin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.

It would so—said my mother:—But, indeed, he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoined my father.

—He is very tall for his age, indeed—said my mother.—

—I can-not (making two syllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the deuce he takes after.—

I cannot conceive, for my life,—said my mother.—

Humph!—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—I am very short, myself,—continued my father gravely.

You are very short, Mr. Shandy,—said my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and an half.

—When he gets these breeches made, cried my father, in a higher tone, he'll look like a beast in 'em.

He will be very awkward in them at first, replied my mother.—

—And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, answered my mother.

I suppose, replied my father,—making some pause first—he'll be exactly like other people's children.—

Exactly, said my mother.—

—Though I should be sorry for that, added my father: and so the debate stopped again.

—They should be of leather, said my father, turning him about again.—

They will last him, said my mother, the longest.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.

He cannot, said my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fustian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.—

—Except dimitty,—replied my father.—'Tis best of all,—replied my mother.—

—One must not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, said my mother:—and so the dialogue stood still again.

I am resolved, however, quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, he shall have no pockets in them.—

—There is no occasion for any, said my mother.—

I mean in his coat and waistcoat,—cried my father.

—I mean so too,—replied my mother.

—Though if he gets a gig or a top—poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them,—they should have where to secure it.—

Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy, replied my mother.—

—But don't you think it right? added my father, pressing the point home to her.

Perfectly, said my mother, if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.—

—There's for you! cried my father, losing temper—Pleases me!—You never will distinguish,

Mrs

Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.—This was on the Sunday night;—and farther this chapter sayeth not.

C H A P. XIX.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,—he consulted Albertus Rubenius upon it; and Albertus Rubenius used my father ten times worse in the consultation (if possible) than even my father had used my mother: For as Rubenius had wrote a quarto express, *De re Vestiaria Veterum*,—it was Rubenius's business to have given my father some lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the seven cardinal virtues out of a long beard, as of extracting a single word out of Rubenius upon the subject.

Upon every other article of ancient dress, Rubenius was very communicative to my father;—gave him a full and satisfactory account of

The Toga, or loose gown.

The Chlamys.

The Ephod.

The Tunica, or Jacket.

The Synthesis.

The Pænula.

The Lacerna, with its Cucullus.

The Paludamentum.

The Prætexta.

The Sagum, or soldier's jerkin.

The trabea : of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.—

—But what are all these to the breeches? said my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of shoes which had been in fashion with the Romans—There was,

The open shoe.

The close shoe.

The slip shoe.

The wooden shoe.

The soc.

The buskin.

And The military shoe with hob-nails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.

The patins.

The pantouffles.

The brogues.

The sandals, with latches to them.

There was, The felt shoe.

The linen shoe.

The laced shoe.

The braided shoe.

The calceus incisus.

And The calceus rostratus.

Rubenius showed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, straps, thongs, latches, ribbands, jaggs, and ends.—

—But I want to be informed about the breeches, said my father.

Albertus Rubenius informed my father, that the Romans manufactured stuffs of various fabricks, —some plain,—some striped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with

with silk and gold—That linen did not begin to be in common use, till towards the declension of the empire, when the Egyptians, coming to settle amongst them, brought it into vogue.

—That persons of quality and fortune distinguished themselves by the fineness and whiteness of their clothes; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they most affected and wore on their birth-days and publick rejoicings.—That it appeared from the best historians of those times, that they frequently sent their clothes to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown clothes, and of a something coarser texture,—till towards the beginning of Augustus's reign, when the slave dressed like his master, and almost every distinction of habiliment was lost, but the *Latus Clavus*.

And what was the *Latus Clavus*? said my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was still litigating amongst the learned:—That Egnatius, Sigonius, Boffius, Ticinensis, Baysius, Budæus, Salmasius, Lipsius, Lazius, Isaac Causabon, and Joseph Scaliger, all differed from each other,—and he from them: That some took it to be the button,—some the coat itself,—others only the colour of it:—That the great Baysius, in his *Wardrobe of the ancients*, chap. 12.—honestly said, he knew not what it was,—whether a tribula,—a stud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or clasps and keepers.—

—My father lost the horse, but not the saddle.—They are hooks and eyes, said my father—and with

with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CH A P. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new scene of events.—

—Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father standing over him with his cane, reading him as he sat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the precise part of the waistband, where he was determined to have it sewed on.—

Leave we my mother—(truest of all the *Poco-curante's* of her sex!)—careless about it, as about every thing else in the world which concerned her;—that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that,—provided it was but done at all.—

Leave we Slop likewise to the full profits of all my dishonours.

Leave we poor *Le Fevre* to recover, and get home from *Marseilles* as he can.—And last of all—because the hardest of all,—

Let us leave, if possible, myself:—But 'tis impossible,—I must go along with you to the end of the work.

CH A P. XXI.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle Toby's kitchen garden,—and which was the scene of so many of his delicious

licious hours,—the fault is not in me, but in his imagination;—for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great transactions of future times,—and recollected for what purposes this little plot, by a decree fast bound down in iron, had been destined,—she gave a nod to NATURE—'Twas enough—Nature threw half a spadeful of the kindest compost upon it, and just so much clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings,—and so little of it too, as not to cling to the spade, and render works of so much glory, nasty in foul weather.

My uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so, let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased; my uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this; as soon as ever a town was invested (but sooner when the design was known) to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll of packthread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c.—he set the corporal to work—and sweetly went it on:—

The

The nature of the soil,—the nature of the work itself,—and above all, the good nature of my uncle Toby sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon past done deeds,—left LABOUR little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence,—— it was invested,——and my uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel——I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, that the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place,——and that I have not left a single inch for it;—for my uncle Toby took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green; and for that reason generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his colliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaigns, of which, this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no guessing)—The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work—surely they had better be printed apart—We'll consider the affair—so take the following sketch of them in the meantime.

C H A P. XXII.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finished, my uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel—not at random, or any how—but from the same points and distances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my uncle Toby received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole siege, step by step with the allies.

When the duke of Marlborough made a lodgment,—my uncle Toby made a lodgment too—And when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and so on;—gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others, there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than on a post-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the duke of Marlborough, in the main body of the place,—to have stood behind the horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth;—the one with the Gazette in his hand,—the other with a spade on his shoulder to execute the contents.—What an honest triumph in my uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work,

work, lest, peradventure, he should make the breach an inch too wide,—or leave it an inch too narrow.—But when the chamade was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts——Heaven! Earth! Sea!——but what avail apostrophes?——with all your elements, wet or dry, you never compounded so intoxicating a draught!

In this tract of happiness for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture,—but still 'twas the torture of the happy.—In this tract, I say, did my uncle Toby and Trim move for many years, every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related.

In the second year, in which my uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handsome draw-bridges, two of which I have given an exact description of, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year, he added a couple of gates with portcullises:——These last were converted afterwards into orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the same year, my uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of clothes, which he always had at Christmas, treated

treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

—The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing, except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner, in which Louis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field—But 'tis not my brother Toby's nature, kind soul! my father would add, to insult any one.

—But let us go on.

C H A P. XXIII.

I MUST observe, that although in the first-year's campaign, the word town is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my uncle Toby's campaigns,—when upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking so many towns, without one town to

to show for it,—was a very nonsensical way of going to work, and so proposed to my uncle Toby, that they should have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together, of flit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to serve for all.

My uncle Toby felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project himself.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the style of those, of which it was most likely to be the representative:—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houses, facing the streets, &c. &c. as those in Ghent and Bruges, and the rest of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houses run up together, as the corporal proposed, but to have every house independent, to hook on, or off, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle Toby and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

—It answered prodigiously the next summer—the town was a perfect Proteus—It was Landen, and Trerebach, and Santvliet, and Drusen, and Hagenau,—and then it was Ostend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.

—Surely never did any town act so many parts, since Sodom and Gomorrah, as my uncle Toby's town did.

In

In the fourth year, my uncle Toby thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple.—Trim was for having bells in it—My uncle Toby said, the metal had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen brass field-pieces,—to be planted three and three, on each side of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; and in a short time these led the way for a train of somewhat larger,—and so on—(as must always be the case in hobby-horrical affairs) from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack-boots.

The next year, which was that in which Lisse was besieged, and at the close of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands,—my uncle Toby was sadly put to it for proper ammunition;—I say proper ammunition—because his great artillery would not bear powder;—and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not.—For so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firings kept up by the besiegers—and so heated was my uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.

SOMETHING, therefore, was wanting, as a succedaneum, especially in one or two of the more violent paroxysms of the siege, to keep up something like a continual firing in the imagination,—and this something the corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military criticks, to the end of the world, as one
of

of the great desiderata of my uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse, for setting off, as I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

C H A P. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow—there was

A Montero-cap and two Turkish tobacco-pipes.

The Montero-cap I shall describe by and by.

—The Turkish tobacco pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented, as usual, with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with silver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different from the rest of the world, would say to the corporal, that he ought to look upon these two presents, more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.—Tom did not care, Trim, he would say, to put on the cap, or to smoke in the tobacco pipe of a Jew.—God bless your honour, the corporal would say, (giving a strong reason to the contrary)—how can that be?—

The Montero-cap was scarlet, of a superfine Spanish cloth, dyed in grain, and mounted all round

round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, slightly embroidered,—and seemed to have been the property of a Portuguese quarter-master, not of foot, but of horse, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own sake, as the sake of the giver, so seldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to so many uses: for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was sure he was in the right,—it was either his oath,—his wager,—or his gift.

—'Twas his gift in the present case.

I'll be bound, said the corporal, speaking to himself, to give away my Montero-cap to the first beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's satisfaction.

The completion was no farther off, than the very next morning: which was that of the storm of the counterscarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate of St. Andrew,—and on the left, between St. Magdalen's and the river.

As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war,—the most gallant and obstinate on both sides,—and, I must add, the most bloody too, for it cost the Allies themselves that morning above eleven hundred men,—my uncle Toby prepared himself for it with a more than ordinary solemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his Ramillie wig, which had lain inside out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which stood by his bed-side, to be taken out and laid upon the lid

lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very first thing he did in his shirt, when he had stepped out of bed, my uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough side outwards,—put it on:—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waistband, he forthwith buckled on his sword-belt, and had got his sword half way in,——when he considered he should want shaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his sword on,—so took it off:—In assaying to put on his regimental coat and waistcoat, my uncle Toby found the same objection in his wig,—so that went off too:—So that, what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the most haste,—’twas ten o’clock, which was half an hour later than his usual time, before my uncle Toby sallied out.

C H A P. XXV.

MY uncle Toby had scarce turned the corner of his yew hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had begun the attack without him.—

Let me stop and give you a picture of the corporal’s apparatus; and of the corporal himself in the height of this attack, just as it struck my uncle Toby, as he turned towards the sentry-box, where the corporal was at work,—for in Nature there is not such another,—nor can any combination of all that is grotesque and whimsical in her works produce its equal.

The

The corporal——
——Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius,—for he was your kinsman :

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness,—for he was your brother.——Oh corporal! had I thee but now,—now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cherish thee! thou should'st wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it:—But, alas! alas! now that I can do this, in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone:—thy genius fled up to the stars, from whence it came;—and that warm heat of thine, with all its generous and open vessels, compressed into a clod of the valley!

——But what——what is this to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings, where—I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard, with a trembling hand, across his coffin, and then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee;—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lackered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them.——When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries thro' my ears,—O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?

——Gracious

—Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stinted hand.

C H A P. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind, to supply the grand desideratum, of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy, during the heat of the attack,—had no farther idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my uncle Toby's six field-pieces, which were planted on each side of his sentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the same time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he soon began to find out, that, by means of his two Turkish tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of three smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the same number of tin-pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the Morocco tube,—he should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one.

Let

Let no man say from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out, for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man, who has read my father's first and second beds of justice, ever rise up and say again, from collision of what kinds of bodies, light may, or may not be struck out, to carry the arts and sciences up to perfection.—Heaven ! thou knowest how I love them ; thou knowest the secrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my shirt—Thou art a fool, Shandy, says Eugenius,—for thou hast but a dozen in the world,—and 'twill break thy fet.—

No matter for that, Eugenius ; I would give the shirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to satisfy one feverish inquirer, how many sparks, at one good stroke, a good flint and steel could strike into the tail of it.—Think ye not, that, in striking these in,—he might, peradventure, strike something out ?—as sure as a gun.—

—But this project by the by.

The corporal sat up the best part of the night, in bringing his to perfection ; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

C H A P. XXVII.

THE corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my uncle Toby came.

He

He had drawn the six field-pieces, for this end, all close up together in front of my uncle Toby's sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c. —and the sake, possibly, of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the sentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wisely taken his post:—He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand,—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with silver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other,—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero-cap upon his head, furiously playing off his two cross batteries at the same time against the counter-guard, which faced the counterscarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intention, as I said, was no more than giving the enemy a single puff or two;—but the pleasure of the puffs, as well as the puffing, had insensibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my uncle Toby joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my uncle Toby had not his will to make that day.

C H A P. XXVIII.

MY uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In less than two minutes my uncle Toby took the pipe from the corporal again, and raised it half-way to his mouth—then hastily gave it back a second time.

The corporal redoubled the attack—my uncle Toby smiled—then looked grave—then smiled for a moment—then looked serious for a long time;—Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim, said my uncle Toby—my uncle Toby put it to his lips—drew it back directly—gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge;—never did my uncle Toby's mouth water so much for a pipe in his life.—My uncle Toby retired into the sentry-box with the pipe in his hand.

—Dear uncle Toby! don't go into the sentry-box with the pipe—there's no trusting a man's self with such a thing in such a corner.

C H A P. XXIX.

I beg the reader will assist me here, to wheel off my uncle Toby's ordnance behind the scenes—to remove his sentry-box, and clear the theatre, if possible, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the rest of his military apparatus out of the way:—that done, my dear friend

Garrick, we'll snuff the candles bright—sweep the stage with a new broom—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle Toby dressed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be akin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have seen enough of my uncle Toby in these, to trace these family likenesses betwixt the two passions (in case there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain science! thou assistest us in no case of this kind—and thou puzzlest us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle Toby, a singleness of heart, which misled him so far out of the little serpentine tracks in which things of this nature usually go on, you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there was a plainness and simplicity of thinking, with such an unmisstrusting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman—and so naked and defenceless did he stand before you, (when a siege was out of his head) that you might have stood behind any one of your serpentine walks, and shot my uncle Toby ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not served your purpose.

With all this, Madam—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle Toby had that unparalleled modesty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the by, stood eternal sentry upon his feelings, that you might as soon—But where am I going? these reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at least too soon, and take up that time, which I ought to bestow upon facts.

C H A P. XXX.

OF the few legitimate sons of Adam, whose breasts never felt what the sting of love was—(maintaining, first, all mysogynists to be bastards)—the greatest heroes of ancient and modern story have carried off amongst them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wish, for their sakes, I had the key of my study out of my draw-well only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—so be content to accept of these, for the present, in their stead.—

There was the great king Aldrovandus, and Bosphorus, and Cappadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Asius,—to say nothing of the iron-hearted Charles the XIIth, whom the Countess of K***** herself could make nothing of—There was Babylonicus, and Mediterraneanus, and Polixenes, and Persicus, and Prusicus, not one of whom (except Cappadocius and Pontus, who were both a little suspected) ever once bowed down his breast to the goddess—The truth is, they had all of them something else to do—and so had my uncle Toby,—till Fate—till Fate, I say, envying his name the glory of being handed down to posterity with Aldrovandus's and the rest,—she basely patched up the peace of Utrecht.

—Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worst deed she did that year.

C H A P. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill consequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my uncle Toby a surfeit of sieges, and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itself left not a deeper scar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever,—or so much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MON-GER, and consequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourself—would always console my uncle Toby upon these occasions, in a way which showed plainly, he imagined my uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair, so much as the loss of his hobby-horse—Never mind, brother Toby, he would say—by God's blessing we shall have another war break out again some of these days; and when it does—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play.—I defy 'em, my dear Toby, he would add, to take countries without taking towns—or towns without sieges.

My uncle Toby never took this back-stroke of my father's at his hobby-horse kindly.—He thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more so, because in striking the horse, he hit the rider too,

too, and in the most dishonourable part a blow could fall; so that upon these occasions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himself than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very same page gave an instance to the contrary:—I repeat the observation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent—it was not easy to my uncle Toby to make long harangues—and he hated florid ones; but there were occasions where the stream overflowed the man, and ran so counter to its usual course, that in some parts, my uncle Toby, for a time, was at least equal to Tertullus—but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was so highly pleased with one of these apologetical orations of my uncle Toby's, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongst my father's papers, with here and there an insertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [], and is indorsed

My brother TOBY's justification of his own principles and conduct in wishing to continue the war.

I may safely say, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle Toby's a hundred times, and think it so fine a model of defence, and shows so sweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it.

C H A P. XXXII.

My uncle TOBY's apologetical oration.

I AM not insensible, brother Shandy, that when a man, whose profession is arms, wishes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aspect to the world;—and that, how just and right soever his motives and intentions may be,—he stands in an uneasy posture, in vindicating himself from private views in doing it.

For this cause, if a soldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the less brave, he will be sure not to utter his wish in the hearing of an enemy; for, say what he will, an enemy will not believe him.—He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—lest he may suffer in his esteem:—But if his heart is overcharged, and a secret sigh for arms must have its vent, he will reserve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, dispositions, and principles of honour are: What, I hope, I have been in all these, brother Shandy, would be unbecoming in me to say:—much worse, I know, have I been than I ought,—and something worse, perhaps, than I think: But such as I am, you, my dear brother Shandy, who have sucked the same breasts with me,—and with whom I have been brought up from my cradle,—and from whose knowledge, from the first hours of our boyish pastimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and scarce a thought in it—Such as I am, brother, you must,
by

by this time, know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

Tell me, then, my dear brother Shandy, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of Utrecht, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that, in wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow-creatures ſlain, —more ſlaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleaſure:—Tell me, brother Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it? [The devil a deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one for an hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.]

If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?—Did I plant the propenſity there?—Did I ſound the alarm within, or Nature?

When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and Pariſmus and Pariſmenus, and Valentine and Orſon, and the Seven Champions of England were handed around the ſchool,—were they not all purchaſed with my own pocket-money? Was that ſelfiſh, brother Shandy? When we read over the ſiege of Troy, which laſted ten years and eight months,—though, with ſuch a train of artillery as we had at Namur, the town might have been carried in a week—was I not as much concerned for the deſtruction of the Greeks and Trojans as any boy of the whole ſchool? Had I not three ſtrokes of a ſerula given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling Helena a bitch for it? Did any one of you ſhed more tears for Hector?

And when king Priam came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to Troy without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner—

—Did that bespeak me cruel? or because, brother Shandy, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the distresses of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a soldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to scatter cypress.—[Who told thee, my dear Toby, that cypress was used by the ancients on mournful occasions?]

—'Tis one thing, brother Shandy, for a soldier to hazard his own life—to leap first down into the trench, where he is sure to be cut in pieces:

—'Tis one thing, from publick spirit, and a thirst of glory, to enter the breach the first man, —to stand in the foremost rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears:—'Tis one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to do this—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miseries of war;—to view the desolations of whole countries, and consider the intolerable fatigues and hardships which the soldier himself, the instrument who works them, is forced (for sixpence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I was by you, in Le Fevre's funeral sermon, That so soft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindness, as man is, was not shaped for this?—But why did you not add, Yorick,—if not by NATURE—that he is so by NECESSITY?—For what is war? what is it, Yorick, when fought, as ours has been, upon principles of liberty, and upon principles

principles of honour—what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmless people, with their swords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, that the pleasure I have taken in these things—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my sieges in my bowling-green, has arisen within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the consciousness we both had, that, in carrying them on, we were answering the great ends of our creation.

C H A P. XXXIII.

I Told the Christian reader—I say Christian—hoping he is one—and if he is not, I am sorry for it—and only beg he will consider the matter with himself, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book—

I told him, Sir—for, in good truth, when a man is telling a story in the strange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards, to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy—which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at first, there is so much unfixed and equivocal matter starting up, with so many breaks and gaps in it—and so little service do the stars afford, which, nevertheless, I hang up in some of the darkest passages, knowing that the world is apt to lose its way, with all the lights the sun itself at noon-day can give it—and now you see I am lost myself!—

—But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be dissected, you will perceive, without spectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you sometimes see in an unsaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and so untowardly, you cannot so much as cut out a **, (here I hang up a couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or a thumb-stall, but it is seen or felt.—

Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, sayeth Carden. All which being considered, and that you see 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I set out—

I begin the chapter over again.

C H A P. XXXIV.

I Told the Christian reader, in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle Toby's apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I shall make use of now, That the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my uncle Toby and his hobby-horse, as it did betwixt the Queen and the rest of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way, in which a man sometimes dismounts his horse, which as good as says to him, “I'll go afoot, Sir, all the days of my life, before I would ride a single mile upon your back again.” Now, my uncle Toby could not be said to dismount his horse in this manner; for, in strictness of language, he could not be said to dismount his horse at all,—his horse rather

ther flung him—and somewhat viciously, which made my uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be settled by state jockies as they like—it created, I say, a sort of thyness betwixt my uncle Toby and his hobby-horse—He had no occasion for him from the month of March to November, which was the summer after the articles were signed, except it was now and then to take a short ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demolished, according to stipulation.

The French were so backward all that summer in setting about that affair, and Monsieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magistrates of Dunkirk, presented so many affecting petitions to the Queen,—beseeching her Majesty, to cause only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her displeasure,—but to spare—to spare the mole, for the mole's sake; which, in its naked situation, could be no more than an object of pity—and the Queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition,—and her ministers also, they not wishing in their hearts to have the town dismantled, for these private reasons,

so that the whole went heavily on with my uncle Toby; infomuch, that it was not within three full months, after he and the corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be destroyed, that the several commanders,

mandants, commissaries, deputies, negotiators, and intendants, would permit him to set about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity !

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town——No,——that will never do, corporal, said my uncle Toby ; for, in going that way to work with the town, the English garrison will not be safe in it an hour ; because, if the French are treacherous——They are treacherous as devils, an' please your Honour, said the corporal——It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim, said my uncle Toby,——for they don't want personal bravery ; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please.——Let them enter it, said the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,——let them enter, an' please your Honour, if they dare.——In cases like this, corporal, said my uncle Toby, slipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wise, with his fore finger extended,——'tis no part of the consideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare——or what they dare not do ; he must act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the sea and the land, and particularly with Fort Louis, the most distant of them all, and demolish it first,——and the rest, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town ;——then we'll demolish the mole,——next fill up the harbour,——then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air ;

air; and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for England.—We are there, quoth the corporal, recollecting himself—Very true, said my uncle Toby—looking at the church.

C H A P. XXXV.

A Delusive, delicious consultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of those pleasures, which were slipping from under him:—still—still all went on heavily—the magick left the mind the weaker.—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the solitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle Toby's head;—and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his arm chair.—No longer Amberg, and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year—and the prospect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Drusen, and Dendermond, the next—hurried on the blood:—No longer did saps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and palisadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repose:—No more could my uncle Toby, after passing the French lines, as he eat his egg at supper, from thence break into the heart of France,—cross over the Oyes, and with all Picardie open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall asleep with nothing but ideas of glory:—No more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal standard upon the tower of the

the Bastile, and awake with it streaming in his head.

—Softer visions,—gentler vibrations, stole sweetly in upon his slumbers;—the trumpet of war fell out of his hands,—he took up the lute, sweet instrument! of all others the most delicate! the most difficult!—how wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle Toby?

C H A P. XXXVI.

NOW, because I have once or twice said, in my inconsiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtship of widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the most complete systems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addressed to the world—are you to imagine from thence, that I shall set out with a description of what love is? whether part God and part Devil, as Plotinus will have it—

—Or, by a more critical equation, and supposing the whole of love to be as ten—to determine, with Ficinus, “How many parts of it—the one, and how many the other;”—or whether it is all of it one great devil, from head to tail, as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I shall not offer my opinion:—but my opinion of Plato is this, That he appears, from this instance, to have been a man of much the same temper and way of reasoning with doctor Baynard, who being a
great:

great enemy to blisters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as surely to his grave, as a hearse and six—rashly concluded, that the devil himself was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing cantharidis—

I have nothing to say to people who allow themselves this monstrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out (that is, polemically) to Philagrius—

“*Εὐχὴ!*” O rare! 'tis fine reasoning, Sir, indeed!—*ὅτι φιλοσοφῆς ἐν Πάθει*—and most nobly do you aim at truth, when you philosophize about it in your moods and passions.”

Nor is it to be imagined, for the same reasons, I should stop to enquire, whether love is a disease—or embroil myself with Rhasis and Dioscorides, whether the seat of it is in the brain or liver;—because this would lead me on to an examination of the two very opposite manners in which patients have been treated—the one, of Aëtius, who always began with a cooling glister of hemp-seed and bruised cucumbers—and followed on with thin potations of water lilies and purslane—to which he added a pinch of snuff, of the herb hanea,—and, where Aëtius durst venture it,—his topaz ring.

—The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his cap. 15. de Amore) directs they should be thrashed “*ad putorem usque*,”—till they stink again.

These are disquisitions, which my father, who had laid in a great stock of knowledge of this kind, will be very busy with, in the progress of my uncle Toby's affairs: I must anticipate thus much,

much, That from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle Toby's mind, almost as much as his amours themselves)—he took a single step into practice;—and, by means of a camphorated cerecloth, which he found means to impose upon the taylor for buckram, whilst he was making my uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect upon my uncle Toby without the disgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this,—That whatever effect it had upon my uncle Toby,—it had a vile effect upon the house;—and if my uncle Toby had not smoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

C H A P. XXXVII.

—**T**WILL come out of itself by and by, —All I contend for is, that I am not obliged to set out with a definition of what love is; and so long as I can go on with my story intelligibly, with the help of the word itself, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the rest of the world, why should I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no farther,—and find myself entangled on all sides of this mystick labyrinth,—my Opinion will then come in, in course,—and lead me out.

At present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader, my uncle Toby fell in love:

—Not

—Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for, to say a man is fallen in love,—or that he is deeply in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and sometimes even over head and ears in it,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing below a man:—this is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityship—I hold to be damnable and heretical;—and so much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will,—my uncle Toby fell into it.

—And possibly, gentle reader, with such a temptation—so wouldst thou: For never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet any thing in this world more concupiscible than Widow Wadman.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

TO conceive this right—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.—Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind—as like your mistress as you can—as unlike your wife as your conscience will let you—'tis all one to me—please but your own fancy in it.

—Was ever any thing in Nature so sweet!—
so exquisite!

—Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle Toby
resist it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page,
at least, within thy covers, which MALICE will
not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot mis-
represent.

C H A P. XXXIX.

AS Susannah was informed by an express from
Mrs. Bridget, of my uncle Toby's falling in
love with her mistress, fifteen days before it hap-
pened,—the contents of which express, Susannah
communicated to my mother the next day,—it
has just given me an opportunity of entering up-
on my uncle Toby's amours a fortnight before
their existence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr.
Shandy, quoth my mother, which will surprize
you greatly.

Now my father was then holding one of his
second beds of justice, and was musing within
himself about the hardships of matrimony, as
my mother broke silence.—

“—My brother Toby, quoth she, is going to,
“be married to Mrs. Wadman.”

—Then he will never, quoth my father, be
able to ly diagonally in his bed again as long as
he lives.

It was a consuming vexation to my father, that
my mother never asked the meaning of a thing
she did not understand.

—That

—That she is not a woman of science, my father would say, is her misfortune—but she might ask a question.—

My mother never did.—In short, she went out of the world at last, without knowing whether it turned round, or stood still.—My father had officiously told her above a thousand times which way it was,—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom went on much farther betwixt them, than a proposition,—a reply, and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes, (as in the affair of the breeches), and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worse for us,—quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-stone, said my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing else.

—To be sure, said my mother: so here ended the proposition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder,—I told you of.

It will be some amusement to him, too—said my father.

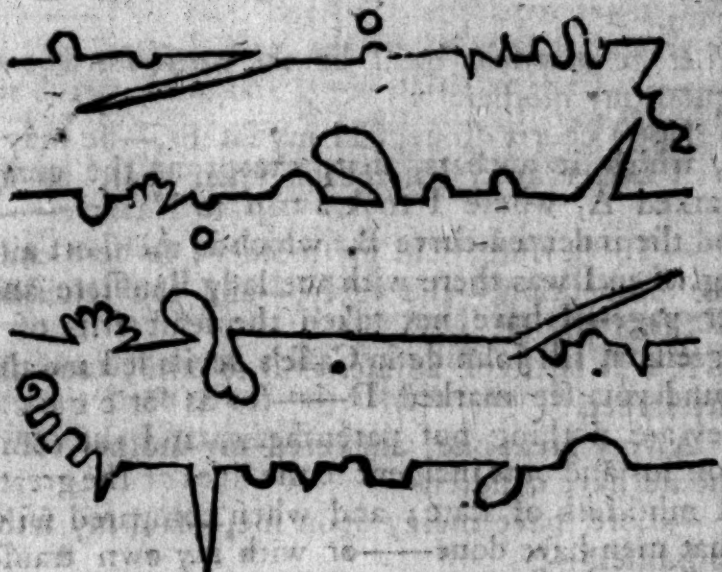
A very great one, answered my mother, if he should have children—

—Lord have mercy upon me,—said my father to himself—

* * * * *

C H A P. XL.

I AM now beginning to get fairly into my work ; and, by the help of a vegetable diet, with a few of the cold seeds, I make no doubt but I shall be able to go on with my uncle Toby's story, and my own, in a tolerable straight line. Now,



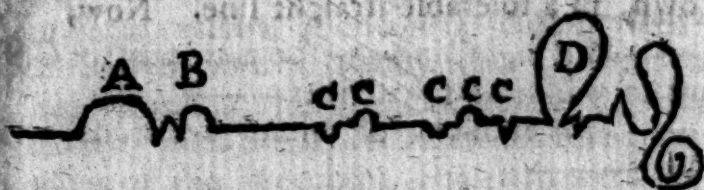
Inv. T. S.

Scul. T. S.

These were the four lines I moved in through my first, second, third, and fourth volumes—

In

In the fifth volume I have been very good,—the precise line I have described in it being this :



By which it appears, that, except at the curve marked A, where I took a trip to Navarre—and the indented curve B, which is the short airing when I was there with the lady Bauffiere and her page—I have not taken the least frisk of a digression, till John de la Casse's devils led me the round you see marked D—for as for c c c c c they are nothing but parentheses, and the common ins and outs incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done—or with my own transgressions at the letters A B D—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume, I have done better still—for, from the end of Le Fevre's episode, to the beginning of my uncle Toby's campaigns—I have scarce stepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible—by the good leave of his grace of Benevento's de-
vils—

TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

vils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going even on thus :

which line, drawn as straight as I could draw it, by a writing-master's ruler, (borrowed for that purpose), turning neither to the right hand or to the left——

——This right line——the path-way for Christians to walk in ! say divines——

——The emblem of moral rectitude ! says Cicero——

——The best line ! say cabbage-planters—— is the shortest line, says Archimedes, which can be drawn from one given point to another.——

O ! I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day suits !

——What a journey !

Pray, can you tell me——that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines——by what mistake—who told them so—or how it has come to pass, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of gravitation ?

END of the SIXTH VOLUME.

THE SHANTY

...the ... of ...

...which line, drawn at right angles I could draw
by a writing-master's rule, (borrowed from
himself, turning neither to his right hand
nor left) ...

...This right line—the path-way for C
line to walk in ...
The existence of ...

...the path lined by ...
is the ... lines, ...
to draw ...
...your ...

...you ...
...I ...
...who ...
...to ...

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